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PSYCHE AND EROS

(Successor to *Zentralblatt für Psychoanalyse*)

Vol III.

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Number 1

Picture Magic

By Dr. J. Marciniowski, *Bad-Heilbrunn*

In studying history and anthropology, and more especially the religious and superstitious customs of mankind, we come upon the peculiar practice known as picture magic. Picture magic consists of various rites performed upon an image with the intention of producing certain effects upon its original. Thus the beautiful ancient rites of the Aryan sun-worshippers consisted of processions in the temple of the Sun, which imitated the circling of the life-giving star and expressed not only worship but also the wish to secure the return of the fruitful seasons after the winter solstice. It was, therefore, primarily weather-magic.

This appears chiefly in the spring festivals at which the young earth is freed from the giants of winter, and even today many children's games clearly show the same origin. Gypsies also practice picture magic when they "nail up" some one, that is, when they put spells upon hair, nail-parings, etc., and wrap them up in slips of paper or bark on which magic conjurations are inscribed before they are sealed up in holes in trees with the assured expectation that this will turn the owner of the hair, etc., into an idiot. It is also a variety of picture magic to thrust the spear with which

one has wounded an enemy into the fire in order that he may be smitten with fever and pain, etc.

Now that we know that neuroses are full of superstitious material we do not wonder that we analysts sometimes come across clear cases of picture-magic. The following are a few examples:

1. ACTS OF MAGIC. STIRRING IN POTS.

As children we used to long for our father (who was a doctor) to come home. We often had to wait a long time before the noise of the carriage wheels announced his approach; then we rushed out into the street. If he was too long in coming we took an empty pot and pretended to be stirring something in it with a rotary motion. And it often happened that after this magic performance father's carriage wheels rolled up. (From a patient's history).

2. The second instance is the symbolic expression of anger which I observed in my youngest son at the age of four. When he was angry at me he used to voice a wish to smash a chair or some other object. It was easy to convince him that what he really wished to destroy was myself and he always appeared to be released from a severe op-

pression as soon as this impulse was translated in terms of consciousness.

One of my patients also told me that even as an adolescent he used to indulge in veritable orgies of destruction in his room whenever he was enraged with his father. First he would decapitate any flowering plants and then do as much damage as he could with a stick and a dagger. After which he felt quite happy. (Substitute gratification,—patricide in effigy).

Such murderous impulses often give rise to magic performances. That such wishes have the force of prayers is evident from the popular designation for them—"to pray someone dead"—current in former times. Let us note a case of compulsion which shows this:

Mr. Schmidt, a government official, complains of nervous fears and compulsions. Thus, for example, he is never certain whether he has signed his name properly to official documents. In such cases one has to go into the minutest details; and in the course of the investigation it appeared that he was really only afraid of making a mistake in one letter—the tall looped *h* in his surname (Schmidt). This letter he always felt inclined to omit. What would the president say if he were to notice this when looking through the documents? Of course signatures are usually unreadable scrawls—but this argument naturally failed to reassure him.

The analysis showed that even as a boy he secretly repudiated his father and played with the phantasy that he was not his real father. As usual, this phantasy was bound up with a kind of blasphemous inclination. He was fond of

swearing and was especially given to associating God and the rectum, not even failing to interpret the expulsion of flatus as a mock prayer. This was due to the usual Oedipus complex. Till the seventh year he had slept with his mother, while his father had another room. He had therefore learned to look upon his father as an unwarranted intruder. This had the inevitable result of giving him a permanently evil conscience and he was dominated by the fear that the mischief he so criminally wished upon his father might really come to pass. Consequently, he had to conceal his evil wishes from his own consciousness. His phantasy of crippling and castrating his father hid behind the picture magic of omitting the tall letter *h* which stood in the centre of his father name, i. e., image.

Further consequences were the dread of punishment in which he himself should be repaid in kind for his bad designs against his father. For we are prone to ascribe to the devil all those lusts for revenge and power and sexual indulgence which we find in the depths of our own soul. In self-defense he set up a defence reaction consisting of penance magic, fervent and terror-stricken prayers for the welfare of his parents and all kinds of superstitious self-denials. These indicate not only a fear of retaliation upon himself but also reveal wishes against the father by pointing out the dangers to which he is exposed.

Penance magic was also manifest in the patient's tendencies to self-deception and exaggerated correctitude: everything had to be done in precisely the right manner; in fact, he began to suffer from com-

pulsions. All these symptoms are grouped around the picture magic of the above-mentioned slip in writing which reveals both the wish to cripple and castrate his father and the fear that, by what Freud calls the magic omnipotence of thought, this criminal wish might be fulfilled.

Another patient suffered from a similar phantasy. He had a compulsive desire, accompanied by dread, to micturate against fruit trees. As a child he had heard that **young trees died if one** micturates upon them. They would, therefore, be "urinated to death." But trees, and notably fruit trees, are an universal phallic symbol, as was the letter *h* in the preceding case. The terror-laden compulsion was due to the same motive. It gave rise to a similar picture magic, representing the death of the father and showing by the emphasis it lays upon his castration that an incestuous desire towards the mother lay at the bottom of the criminal wish.

A tabulated scheme of such analysis may be of practical help to the beginner, by reminding him of all the essential points.

TYPICAL COMPUSIVE ACTIONS

GUILT

Aversion to father. Not real father. Mutilation of patronymic. Slip in writing as picture magic. Cursing and swearing. Blasphemies.

CONSEQUENCES

1. Bad conscience, fear that wishes might be fulfilled.
2. Fear of recoil of wishes upon himself. (*Lex talionis*). Distrust and enmity towards father. General apprehension of misfortune.

REACTION AGAINST SINFUL WISHES

Penance magic, to avert misfortune. Prayers for parent; correctitude compulsion. Self-deprivation betraying wishes.

CAUSES

Slept seven years alone with mother. Oedipus complex.

[*Translated by Vera Gordon*]

The Saintly Type

By Dr. J. Marcinowski, *Bad-Heilbrunn*

I once happened to have a female patient who possessed certain peculiarities which are usually associated with sanctity; or, to put it more accurately, whose neurotic symptoms literally coincided with the traits (characteristics) which legends attributes to the mediaeval saints. We are therefore warranted in concluding that the qualities of these saints were occasioned by a neurosis similar to that of my patient: *i. e.*, a neurosis founded on masochism. This assumption I shall corroborate by citing a second case history which clearly shows the tendency to crude masochistic satisfaction in such types.

My patient was a young woman who grew up as a dainty little Miss in a large city, and until her marriage remained free from the erotic emotions natural to childhood and adolescence. On the eve of her marriage, at the age of 23, she still believed the nursery tales of babies being found under gooseberry bushes. Her playmates looked upon her as a girl with whom "such things" could not be discussed and who had no comprehension of or taste for the usual silly jokes and suggestive remarks. She was almost a stranger to physical sexual excitement. In her tenth year a girl of her own age had subjected her to masturbatory manipulations which gave her

pleasure; but she had refused, with anger and disgust, to reciprocate such advances. Throughout her youth she was, as far as consciousness went, quite asexual. During her engagement she looked forward with pleasure to marriage, but without thinking of the pleasures of sexual intercourse. She knew that some queer and uncanny experience lay before her, but only felt faintly afraid of it.

She faithfully fulfilled her sexual obligations towards her husband, considering this to be his right, but she never obtained the slightest pleasurable sensation from them. She was an obedient wife, but thought his demands horrible.

Young girls openly admired her, but it was only during the analysis that she recognized and was appalled by the unmistakably erotic character of their sentiments. At the same time her dreams and a number of neurotic symptoms in her daily life showed clearly that her sexual repressions in general and specifically in connection with her husband were due to a hidden fixation on persons of her own sex. The recognition of this fact led to a satisfactory solution of her difficulties.

When we came to the point of making an adjustment to life which should take into consideration the patient's complete

frigidity and leanings towards asexual friendship, the following facts appeared: "I cannot have friendly relations with other women," said my patient, "because I find their superficiality and talkativeness repulsive. I like serious and profound conversation, which I fail to find in my social surroundings. I feel just as I did in my childhood when I was repelled by the frivolous talk of my companions." (It is to be observed that in spite of her age the patient had the soft features of a girl of 12 and a somewhat foolish expression of continual surprise on her childish face. I have often noticed these peculiarities in persons whose early sexual repression partly arrested their development from childhood. They often change in the course of the analysis and turn into the mature and intelligent beings hitherto hidden by an all round repression.) This woman's demand for intellectual surroundings, therefore, was not justified by her superior mental powers for, frankly speaking, she was a simple soul.

As a small child she already withdrew herself consciously from reality and lived in her phantastic moods. She held intimate converse with flowers and beasts and nature as a whole and she had a warm heart for all human creatures. Bursting into tears, she said that none of my suggestions could help her, but that she would like, besides fulfilling her domestic duties, to look after the poor. She wanted to perform difficult and menial services for beings whom other people neglected. She had noticed this during her hospital training when she chose to go to the old women in the ward for consumptives, where the other

nurses did not care to go and where she was obliged to perform duties which were often so disgusting that she had to repress an inclination to vomit. That was the kind of thing she wished to do, her heart was so big, she could almost feel it physically; it was in thoughts of this kind that she longed to work and find her life's happiness.

Now she only needed favorable circumstances in which to fulfill her desires and a certain amount of editing to present a typical picture of the traditional saintly woman. If she were rich, she sobbed out childishly, she would give away everything to the poor for she had hardly any needs of her own.

If we strip this report of all psychological comment we get a story something like this: she was a touchingly good woman with the heart and soul of a child. Everything "unclean" repelled her. Even as a child she was remarkable for the way in which everything sexual glanced off her "pure mind". She preserved this "purity" in her marriage. She was a virtuous and dutiful housewife, but only suffered her lord's sexuality from a sense of duty and with profound distaste. She gave all her worldly goods to the poor and it was her greatest pleasure to perform the humblest and most revolting services for the most wretched among them. She received an almost idolatrous devotion from her inferiors.

Now we only have to open one of the innumerable "Lives of the Saints" current among pious Catholics to find such sentences as the following, which I picked haphazard out of the Life of Saint Elizabeth of Hungary in the 'Golden Legends of the Saints' (by Jacob de Voragine):

"Even as a child she habitually strove for virtue, despised idle play and fled from worldly pleasure."

"When other girls invited her to join in a round dance she would say, after the first turn: 'Be satisfied with one turn round and, in God's name, let the rest be.' Thus she restrained the vain pursuits of the girls. She always had a horror of wearing indecorous garments and loved decency in all things.

"She agreed to marry, not in order to give way to lust, but in order to obey her father's command and to give birth to children whom she might bring up in the service of God. And though she was bound to the duty of her marriage bed she was not subject to the pleasures of the senses.

"We shall see in the following stories how great were her submission and her humility before God, how great her abstemiousness and severity towards herself and how full of pity she was for the poor."

"She visited the sick. Pity for the poor was so strong in her heart that she often sought them out in their hovels."

"But when she had built the hospital she placed herself in the service of the poor, like a lowly servant. She devoted herself to the entire care of the poor and even washed them, put them to bed and covered them up."

The identical elements turn up again and again: renunciation of worldly pleasure, sexual frigidity with obedient wifehood, delight in the humiliating service of the poor and the wretched—all arising from an irresistible impulse, which, however, is not proof against psychoanalysis. For the removal of the

sexual repressions put an end to the unnatural conduct of my saint and brought her to a better view of the creative will of God.

It is evident that the halo of sanctity had been cast about a marked psychoneurosis, an hysterical infantilism of the severest kind whose canonization is, from a human point of view, of very doubtful social value. The analysis of this case shows, even by these few superficial points, that such a character is highly unfitted for life and rests on an unhealthy distortion of the instincts. The perverse outlets which these "saintly women" find for their sexual impulses only become socially useful by accidental circumstances and their incapacity for mutual surrender in marriage destroys more than their own happiness.

The following case shows similar characteristics in a more marked form. A woman came to us in complete despair, sunk in profound depression, and gave her life history as follows:

"Even as a child I always wished I might somehow marry a man who was poor and ill and socially beneath me. His illness was to be of a kind which would compel me to perform dirty and disgusting services for him."—Her wish was only partly fulfilled, for her husband, though penniless, had a distinguished position as a district judge. He suffered from tuberculosis of the spine and was completely impotent, which pleased his wife as she too had wholly repressed her sexuality and substituted a non-genital form of satisfaction. For ten years she nursed her totally paralyzed husband and was obliged to clean up his faeces several times a day. She was perfectly happy and satisfied until death

broke her toy and robbed her life of all significance, when she broke down with perfectly happy and satisfied until death melancholia. This case, as I mentioned before, shows the transition from the saintly type of gross masochism.

Arguing from the psychology of these

present-day "saints", we may conclude that the types corresponding to Saint Elizabeth are cases of psycho-neurotic infantilism, arrested development and complete sexual repression with the substitution of masochistic gratification.

[Translated by Mrs. V. Gordon]

Analysis of "The Picture" of Dorian Gray"

By Leo Kaplan, Zürich

[This much-discussed novel of the famous English aesthete offers even more fascinating material for the psychological study of literary invention than Strindberg's unwilling self-betrayal in *The Father*, which was analyzed in a previous paper. As in that article, no attempt is here made to give a demonstration of the intimate connection that exists between the author's literary creations and his latent psychic attitude at the period of writing. It must be remembered, however, that *The Picture of Dorian Gray*, which appeared in 1891, impressed most of Wilde's contemporaries less by its cleverness and literary brilliance than by its undertone of suggestiveness that to them seemed to verge on the pathological. Prior to this, in his Oxford days, Wilde was the notorious apostle of the doctrine that cultivated "art for art's sake" to the point of perverse effeminacy. For years after the publication of this novel, the paradoxical looseness of morals which had drawn upon him the suspicion of hostile critics, culminated in the disastrous disclosures that sent him to Reading Gaol and made an outcast of him for the remainder of his life. The story of the slow but resistless degradation of Dorian Gray is, in itself, one of the most remarkable studies we possess of psychic deterioration. Analyzed on the basis of its surface indications, the theme reveals a

cleverly conceived symbol of animism mingled with auto-erotic impulse. Correlated with the body of testimony which exists concerning the causes of Wilde's gradual downfall, *The Picture of Dorian Gray* becomes, even in the mere recital of its outstanding features, a characteristic evidence of the essentially unhealthy mental and emotional state which forms the background of Wilde's literary invention.—Tr.]

DORIAN AS HALLWARD'S ALTER EGO

Basil Hallward, the painter, had undertaken to execute a full-length portrait of the attractive Dorian Gray. He has succeeded so uncommonly well that Lord Henry Wotton, a friend of the artist, considers the picture the best thing Hallward has ever done, and urges the latter to exhibit the work at the Grosvenor without much further delay. But the artist, otherwise highly gratified at his success, refuses to entertain the suggestion. Amazed beyond measure, Lord Henry seeks to ascertain the grounds of Hallward's obstinacy. The painter at last offers this strange explanation: "I know you will laugh at me, but I really can't exhibit it. *I have put too much of myself into it.*"

Lord Henry counters with urbane ridicule,—he fails to see the striking similarity between Basil, with his rugged strong face and coal-black hair, and the young Adonis of the canvas who looks

as if he were made out of ivory and rose leaves * * *.

"Harry", replies the artist, driven to cover, "every portrait that is painted with feeling is a portrait of the artist, not of the sitter. The sitter is merely the accident, the occasion. It is not he who is revealed by the painter; it is rather the painter of the colored canvas, reveals himself. *The reason I will not exhibit this picture is that I am afraid that I have shown in it the secret of my own soul.*"

The artist, as has before been observed, reveals his emotional state through the character of his work,—the choice of the subject-matter, the ways and means of artistic elaboration. Wilde himself must have sensed this fundamental truth when, in his typically paradoxical manner, he declared that "to reveal art and conceal the artist is art's aim." More nearly does he approximate both the truth and his own inner belief when he declares that "all art is at once surface and symbol." The task of psychology, when brought face to face with a work of art, is to decipher the symbol of the artist.

We have seen that the portrait of Dorian Gray embodies a secret of the artist's soul, a secret which he feared to disclose. A deeper search for additional symptoms will now be undertaken, with a view of revealing the exact nature of this secret.

The artist is prevailed upon to relate his first meeting with Dorian Gray. He had been to a "crush" at Lady Brandon's. He had stayed in the room but ten minutes, talking to huge overdressed dowagers and tedious Academicians, when he suddenly became conscious that someone was looking at him. He turned

halfway around, and saw Dorian Gray for the first time. "When our eyes met", he tells Lord Henry, "*I felt that I was growing pale. A curious sensation of terror came over me.*"

He has since painted Dorian and discovered in his rare personality new motives of art, an entirely new mode of style; by a strange sort of reaction he now finds the youth in the curves of certain lines, in the loveliness and subtleties of certain colors. Why, then, does he refuse to exhibit his portrait? "Because", Basil admits, without intending it, "I have put into it some expression of all this curious artistic idolatry, of which, of course, I have never cared to speak to him. He knows nothing about it. He shall never know anything about it. *But the world might guess it; and I will not bare my soul to their shallow prying eyes. My heart shall never be put under their microscope. There is too much of myself in the thing, Harry—too much of myself!*"

It is not difficult to surmise Hallward's secret: *He has fallen in love with the handsome Dorian*, and dreads to bare this type of love, proscribed as it is in modern society, by exhibiting Dorian's portrait.

Erotic sentiment of the kind that is centred on a well-defined heterosexual object is, as Freud's investigations have shown (cf. S. Freud, *Drei Abhandlungen zur Sexualtheorie* [Three Essays on the Theory of Sex], Vienna, Franz Deuticke.) the final result of a definite series of evolutionary phenomena. Originally, eroticism consists in the libidinous reaction to stimuli on the part of such "erogenous zones" as skin and mucous membrane; the sexual organ attains a prominent role only in the later

stages of the development. This auto-erotic phase is characterized by the activity of merely *partial impulses*; in other words, it is erotic sentiment that is devoid of a sexual object. The next step in the evolutionary history leads to a *synthetic* phase, in that the partial impulses yield to a *unitary impulse*.

The object of this impulse, however, is still the identical person who reacts to the excitation. Or, expressed in different words, one projects his own self out of one's being and fixes upon this projected ego as the proper sexual object. It is just such a reaction as this that gave birth to the ancient legend of the handsome youth Narcissus, who fell in love with his own features as reflected in the waters of a spring,—a type of self-love that has stamped this phase of autoerotic sentiment with the name of *narcism*. In the narcistic state, then, man is at once an auto-eroticist and an object-eroticist. The latter tendency, again, is apt to result in homosexuality, since this is in reality already foreshadowed in the projection of one's ego.

The relations here hastily sketched are now clearly encountered in Wilde's novel. Hallward's prepossession for the handsome youth can be called by no other name than that of narcism; *too much of him is contained in the portrait*. In other words, Dorian is Hallward's double, and in the image of the youth the artist admires and idolizes but his own self.

In the course of the dialogue Hallward confesses to Lord Henry that for him Dorian represents a beautiful dream amid the complexities of trying times. Dorian, then, embodies also the ideals and aspirations of Hallward. We live amid inexorably stern circumstances! life

confronts us with many demands, forces us to many sad renunciations. "If but one man", remarks Lord Henry, "were to live out his life fully and completely, were to give form to every thought, reality to every dream * * *. *But the bravest amongst us is afraid of himself.*" Yet there exists a way out: The aspirations that are not suited to the stern character of the times, break off from one's basic consciousness, become projected outward and are met with again in connection with a personality that is seemingly different but in reality is only one's alter ego. In this manner it becomes possible to give existence to what we desire yet fear and to advance our dream to an apparent realization.

THE ESSENTIAL UNITY OF DORIAN, HALLWARD AND LORD HENRY

Dorian, the fundamentally innocent youth, falls under the venomous persuasion of Lord Henry, a splendid head and one endowed with vivid imagination, but a man who, in the words of Basil, "has a very bad influence over all his friends, with the single exception of myself." Their very first meeting serves Lord Henry with an occasion to begin his work of destroying Dorian's simple and beautiful character. "Every impulse", he casually remarks, "that we strive to strangle, broods in the mind, and poisons us. The body sins once, and has done with its sin, for action is a mode of purification. Nothing remains then but the recollection of a pleasure, or the luxury of a regret. The only way to get rid of a temptation is to yield to it. Resist it, and your soul grows sick with longing for the things it has forbidden to itself, with desire for what its monstrous laws have made monstrous and unlawful."

There exists a naive theory according to which it is possible so to influence another mind that it becomes incapable of thinking its own thoughts or of glowing with its own passions. The person, we are told, who has in this manner been influenced, overcome, as it were, with the subtle suggestion, becomes but the echo of a strange strain of music, the actor who struts on the stage of life in a role not originally intended for him. It is not difficult to observe in the present instance how utterly untenable such a hypothesis is.

For Dorian's condition after the seductive words of Lord Henry is described as follows: "For nearly ten minutes he stood there, motionless, with parted lips, and eyes strangely bright. He was dimly conscious that entirely fresh influences were at work within him. *Yet they seemed to him to have come really from himself. The few words that friend had said to him * * * had touched some secret chord that had never been touched before, but that he felt was now vibrating and throbbing to curious pulses.* Yet, there had been things in his boyhood that he had not understood. He understood them now. Life suddenly became fiery-colored to him. It seemed to him that he had been walking in fire." Lord Henry, in other words, is able to exert his influence by means of suggestion simply because he has brought clearly to the fore Dorian's own secret and unconscious desires and, what is more, because he understands the art of making him palatable to Dorian by reason of his skilful sophistry. Considered therefore from a basic point of view, Hallward, Dorian and Lord Henry represent a triune personality: *Dorian acts out in his life what Hallward*

dreads to think and what Lord Henry expresses without the least compunction.

SIBYL VANE THE VICTIM OF NARCISTIC LOVE

Let us now direct our attention to Dorian's first serious step in life, his love affair. His heart is full of a wild desire to seek out the innermost secrets of life. Hence his search for adventures, the thirst for sensations. His fancy pictures a thousand-fold allurements, when one evening he passes an "absurd little theatre with great flaring gas-jets and gaudy play-bills." He enters. The play is *Romeo and Juliet*, the scenery grotesque, the acting still more wretched. But Juliet,—the young Sibyl Vane,—fascinates him beyond compare. "Harry", he later describes her with enthusiasm, "imagine a girl, hardly seventeen years of age, with a little flower-like face, a small Greek head with plaited coils of dark-brown hair, eyes that were violet wells of passion, lips that were like the petals of a rose. She was the loveliest thing I had ever seen in my life. . . . I tell you, Harry, I could hardly see this girl for the mist of tears that came across me."

In a word, Dorian has met his first grand passion. "She is everything to me in life," he confesses. "Night after night I go to see her play. One evening she is Rosalind, and the next evening she is Imogen. I have seen her die in the gloom of an Italian forest, sucking the poison from her lover's lips. I have watched her wandering through the forest of Arden, disguised as a pretty boy in hose and doublet and dainty cap. She has been mad, and has come into the presence of a guilty king, and given him rue to wear, and bitter herbs to taste

of. She has been innocent, and the black hands of jealousy have crushed her reed-like throat. I have seen her in every age and in every costume. *Ordinary women never appeal to one's imagination.* They are limited to their century. No glamour ever transfigures them . . . But an actress! How different an actress is! Harry! why didn't you tell me that *the only thing worth loving is an actress?*"

The characteristic trait of Dorian's love is clearly in evidence: He loves an image, a being born of his fantasy, with whom the flesh-and-blood Sibyl Vane has but little in common. That this is the case is further borne out by the following dialogue between Dorian and Lord Henry:

"—Tonight she is Imogen, and to-morrow night she will be Juliet.

—When is she Sibyl Vane?

—Never.

—I congratulate you.

—How horrid you are! She is all the great heroines of the world in one. She is more than an individual."

The eventual outcome of this passion is, naturally, Dorian's engagement to Sibyl. A secret engagement. Now he is ready to invite his bosom friends,—Basil and Lord Henry,—to the theatre. They, too, must enjoy the consummate histrionic art of his beloved. They will be certain to admire her and to acknowledge her peerless genius.

The devoted trio arrive at the theatre, and—the unexpected happens. A shock that sobers the lad's mad adoration. Sibyl plays execrably. The staginess of her acting is unbearable. She is not her usual self; she proves to be a dismal failure. Dorian's friends are bored, utterly

disappointed. He offers his embarrassed apologies and, the moment the piece is over, rushes madly behind the scenes into the greenroom . . . The girl is standing there alone, with a look of triumph on her face. Her eyes are lit with an exquisite fire. There is a radiance about her. Her parted lips are smiling over some secret of their own . . .

And this is her secret,—the reason she has determined never to act again: "Dorian, Dorian, before I knew you, acting was the only reality of my life. It was only in the theatre that I lived. I thought that it was all to me. I was Rosalind one night, and Portia the other. The joy of Beatrice was my joy, and the sorrows of Cordelia were mine also. I believed in everything. The common people who acted with me seemed to me to be godlike. The painted scenes were my world. *I knew nothing but shadows, and I thought them real.* You came—oh, my beautiful love!—and you forced my soul from prison. *You taught me what reality really is.* Tonight, for the first time in my life, I saw through the hollowness, the sham, the silliness of the empty pageant in which I had always played . . . You had brought me something higher, something of which all art is but a reflection. You had made me understand what love really is. My love! my love! Prince Charming! Prince of life! I have grown sick of shadows."

For Sibyl Vane the truth, sexual reality, bears a higher value than all the shadows that strut across the stage. Dorian, however, loves the actress, not the woman in her; the shadow, not the substance. "You have killed my love," he reproaches her. "*You used to stir*

my imagination. Now you don't even stir my curiosity. You simply produce no effect. I loved you because you were marvelous. . . . *because you realized the dreams of great poets and gave shape and substance to the shadows of art.*"

The normal human being, with his object-erotism, loves reality. He seeks his sexual mate in reality, and is happy if his search is fruitful. He dwells in the realm of the "shadows" only so long as reality denies the fulfilment of his desires. But Dorian, as we have seen, is narcissic. He is in love with his own self. He has not yet matured enough for the love of real womanhood. At the most, he can become attached to a woman only if she is in some manner his duplicate or, at least, serves as a foil to flatter his feeling of self-satisfaction. "I would have made you famous", he tells her bitterly, "splendid, magnificent. *The world would have worshipped you, and you would have borne my name.*" In the last analysis, Dorian loves not Sybil, but his own reflection in her,—a love that is the direct issue of his narcissic tendencies, a love that crumbles to pieces at the first clash with the world of realities.

THE PICTURE OF DORIAN GRAY AN ANIMISTIC PROJECTION

The incidents with which we have heretofore concerned ourselves lie within the limits of a realistic conception of things. We are now approaching a remarkable phenomenon that falls outside of these prescribed limits,—the magic relationship existing between Dorian and his portrait.

For the better understanding of this curious relationship it is necessary to revert to the earlier course of the events described by Wilde. The very day

which Dorian first makes Lord Henry's acquaintance in Hallward's studio, the oversophisticated nobleman extends a warning to the much-perturbed youth. "Yes, Mr. Gray, the gods have been good to you. But what the gods give they quickly take away. You have only a few years in which to live really, perfectly and fully. When your youth goes, your beauty will go with it . . ."

The subtle poison sinks deeply into Dorian's consciousness. For, when the portrait is quite finished and he comes over with his mentor to examine the picture, he draws back at the sight of it, and for a moment his cheeks flush with pleasure. "A look of joy came into his eyes, as if he had recognized himself for the first time . . . Basil Hallward's compliments had seemed to him to be merely the charming exaggeration of friendship. He had listened to them, laughed at them, forgotten them. They had not influenced his nature. Then had come Lord Henry Wotton with his strange panegyric on youth, his terrible warning of its brevity. That had stirred him at the time, and now, as he stood gazing at the shadow of his loveliness, the full reality of the description flashed across him. Yes, there would be a day when his face would be wrinkled and wizened, his eyes dim and colorless, the grace of his figure broken and deformed. The scarlet would pass away from his lips, and the gold steal from his hair. *The life that was to make his soul would mar his body.* He would become dreadful, hideous, and uncouth."

"How sad it is!" he muses, with his eye still fixed upon his own image. "How sad it is! I shall grow old and horrible, and dreadful. But this pic-

ture will remain always young. It will never be older than this particular day of June . . . *if it were only the other way! If it were I who was to be always young, and the picture that was to grow old! For that—for that—I would give everything!*"

In these words Dorian has uttered a strange desire,—a wish that the portrait might assume the role of a substitute personality, and that all the scars of suffering and thought that life had in store for him, might be transferred to the painted image on the canvas. And this desire is destined to be fulfilled. To the end of his days Dorian preserves his youthful freshness, beauty, and exuberance; it is the portrait that assumes every ugly trait of his sinful soul.

When he casts off the unhappy Sibyl, the picture shows its first disfigurement. As he is turning the handle of his door, at break of dawn, his eyes fall upon the portrait that Basil Hallward had painted of him. He starts back as if in surprise. The expression looks different . . . "The quivering sunlight showed him the lines of cruelty round the mouth as clearly *as if he had been looking into a mirror after he had done some dreadful thing.*"

He cannot believe the horrible change. Surely the painted canvas could not alter! And yet it seems a fact, not merely an illusion wrought on the troubled senses . . . "Was there some subtle affinity between the chemical atoms, that shaped themselves into form and color on the canvas, and the soul that was within him? Could it be that what that soul thought, they realized?—that what it dreamed, they made true? Or was there some other, more terrible reason?"

The painted image is the mirror of Dorian's soul, or, in other words, his soul itself, animistically projected and objectivated. Considered from this angle, it can readily be grasped how every thought of the soul, its emotions, passions, and degradations, would find their visible symbols upon the features of Dorian's alter ego.

The narcissist, as we have observed, projects his own self outward and elects it as the object of his sexual emotions. Accordingly, there arise two personalities, intimately connected with each other, yet distinct and separate in their entities. From this basis of differentiation, in turn, there arises an animistic conception of life in which both man and his world are thought of as dual in composition,—soul and body on the one hand, spirit and matter on the other.

However, it must be noted that this attitude towards life and its problems does not preclude occasional reliance upon the world of substance and reality, as when, for instance, a shadow, reflection, or image is believed to be one's double, one's materialized soul. As a result, there ensues a magic relationship between the image and the living personality. The one becomes worshipped with the other, and whatever is the fate of the former, is held to exert the self-same influence upon the latter. It is a matter of general knowledge that in former times injury to one's enemy was thought to be best accomplished by piercing his wooden or waxen image, in the belief that he would thus suffer a corresponding pain. Punishment, too, was meted out upon the delinquent's image. That the sentence, to be really effective, had to be pronounced against his picture or statue as well, is clearly

evidenced in the court proceedings of many an old European tribunal,—“Let the criminal’s picture suffer the same punishment, so that what has been his image should in the same manner bear the marks of penalty.” Even today it is the custom to burn or to hang an escaped criminal, particularly a traitor, in effigy.

It is this identical animistic-magic philosophy of life that we encounter in the pages of Wilde’s novel,—whatever happens to the man Dorian is in some subtle way transferred upon the painted image of him. As Dorian remarks, the portrait has something fatal in it.

ANIMISM AND THE MANIA OF PERSECUTION

The quickening of his belief in magic, which is the direct resultant of Dorian’s narcissistic make-up, is furthermore given a strong impetus by the need he experiences to forget. The evil, the misstep proscribed by accepted ethics, has to be “repressed.” The most primitive form of this repression is the act of taking to flight,—a warding off of the evil by *increasing the distance between oneself and the dreaded object*. This special distance we may readily understand cannot be postulated until the evil has been projected out of one’s personality. Once this has been done, a symbol of “repression” may become operative. When Dorian perceives the change in the features of his portrait, *he draws a large screen right in front of it*, shuddering as he glances at it. Later, when all precaution becomes of no avail, and the portrait has to be hidden at all costs, *he has it taken up to the old attic room*. All covered with cobwebs, whither he but seldom betakes himself.

The sinner, the miscreant, seeks for-

getfulness from his misdeeds. He grasps at any subterfuge in order to explain them as trifles or even fancies of the imagination that never happened in the world of reality. When Dorian learns of the death of Sibyl Vane, a death for which his selfishness alone has been responsible, he seeks to console himself by coolly ignoring the incident. “A man who is master of himself,” he tells Basil Hallward, “can end a sorrow as easily as he can invent a pleasure . . . If one doesn’t talk about a thing, it has never happened.”

But, in common with all affective states, the feeling of guilt cannot be so easily dismissed. In the form of the mania of persecution, it continues to exist and to harry its victim. Accordingly, when one morning Dorian’s man-servant enters the room, his master looks steadfastly at him, and wonders if he had thought of peering behind the screen. The man is quite impassive, and waits for his orders. Dorian lights a cigarette, and walks over to the glass and looks into it. He can see the reflection of Victor’s face perfectly. It is like a placid mask of servility. There is nothing to be afraid of there. Yet he thinks it best to be on his guard. Finally he even feels that the man must be got rid of at once. “There was something sly about him, and he had thoughtful, treacherous eyes.”

Dorian knows very well that others would learn nothing from the portrait; that even if he had explained the strange transformation he would be laughed at for his pains. “Yet he was afraid. Sometimes when he was down at his great house in Nottinghamshire, entertaining the fashionable young men of his own rank who were his chief companions

. . . he would suddenly leave his guests and rush back to town to see that the door had not been tampered with, and that the picture was still there. What if it should be stolen? The mere thought made him cold with horror. Surely the world would know his secret then. Perhaps the world already suspected it." The less rationally, then, his fears are grounded, the more significant a testimony do they bear to the inner restlessness evoked by his sense of guilt.

He becomes an ardent collector. He gathers from all parts of the world the strangest musical instruments that could be found, jewels, embroideries, tapestries, and has a special passion also for ecclesiastical vestments. The works of art, he thinks, would again make him master of himself. "For these treasures, and everything that he collected in his lovely house, were to be to him means of forgetfulness, modes by which he could escape, for a season, from the fear that seemed to him at times to be almost too great to be borne." But conscience, even as one's desires, cannot be downed; it can be repressed, but only at the cost of poisoning the soul.

HALLWARD'S MURDER AN ACT OF "REPRESSION"

On one occasion only does Dorian's conscience confront him vividly, in the figure of Basil Hallward, whom he has not met for a considerable time. It is on the eve of his own thirty-eighth birthday, on his way home from Lord Henry's, that a man passes him in the mist, walking very fast, with a bag in his hand. Dorian recognizes him. It is Basil Hallward. *A strange sense of fear, for which he cannot account, comes over him.* He makes no sign of

recognition, and goes on quickly in the direction of his own house.

But Hallward has seen him and hurries after him. He intends to leave for Paris by the midnight train and wants to have a serious word with Dorian before his departure. Dorian's one thought at this particular moment is to avoid a serious conversation. But his frowns are of no avail; Hallward has come with his reproaches all prepared. "Why is it," he asks Dorian, "that so many gentlemen in London will neither go to your house nor invite you to theirs? . . . why is your friendship so fatal to young men? There was that wretched boy in the Guards who committed suicide. You were his great friend. There was Sir Henry Ashton, who had to leave England with a tarnished name. You and he were inseparable . . . When you met Lady Gwendolen, not a breath of scandal had ever touched her. Is there a single decent woman in London now who would drive with her in the Park? . . . There are other stories—stories that you have been seen creeping at dawn out of dreadful houses and slinking in disguise into the foulest dens of London. Are they true? Can they be true. Lord Gloucester was one of my greatest friends at Oxford. He showed me a letter that his wife had written to him when she was dying alone in her villa at Mentone. Your name was implicated in the most terrible confession I ever read. I told him that it was absurd—that I knew you thoroughly, and that you were incapable of anything of the kind. Know you? I wonder do I know you? *Before I should answer that, I should have to see your soul.*"

"To see my soul!" mutters Dorian

Gray, starting up from the sofa . . . "You shall see it yourself, tonight! . . . Come: it is your own handiwork. Why shouldn't you look at it? . . . Come, I tell you. You have chattered enough about corruption. Now you shall look on it face to face."

To understand rightly the ensuing scenes, it must be recalled that Hallward and Dorian but embody the different psychic tendencies of one and the same personality. In particular, Dorian's effigy represents the nethermost strata of the unconscious into which the artist ventures to pry only with fear and trepidation. The human being is at bottom an animal, and nothing that is of the animal is even alien to him. It is true that, in the course of cultural development, man has come to apply much voluntary restraint to his actions. But this does not mean that the beast in him is altogether gone; it is only held in leash, or, in technical parlance, "repressed" into the "unconscious" region of his being.

"The worship of the senses," remarks Oscar Wilde, "has often, and with much justice, been decried, *men feeling a natural instinct of terror about passions and sensations that seem stronger than themselves*, and that they are conscious of sharing with the less highly organized forms of existence." And it is thus that we see Hallward beginning to show hesitation when Dorian, with a bitter laugh of mockery, stands ready to expose his soul. "A twisted flash of pain shot across the painter's face. He paused for a moment, and a wild feeling of pity came over him. After all, *what right had he to pry into the life of Dorian Gray?*" His is the dread of the bottomless chasm of the human soul.

There comes a time when the leashed and fettered beast in man breaks down and can no longer be hindered. Man, in such fateful moments, turns into a Satan triumphant who derives intense fascination and enjoyment at the corruptness of his own soul. This moment has now come to Dorian. "There was the madness of pride in every word he uttered . . . *He felt a terrible joy at the thought that some one else was to share his secret*, and that the man who had painted the portrait that was the origin of all his shame, was to be burdened for the rest of his life with the hideous memory of what he had done."

At last they ascend to the attic room. The young man tears the curtain from its rod and reveals the disfigured image. An exclamation of horror breaks from the painter's lips as he perceives in the dim light the hideous face on the canvas grinning at him. There is something in its expression that fills him with disgust and loathing. Good heavens! it is Dorian Gray's own face that he is looking at! He seems to recognize his own brush-work, but the whole thing is like an infamous parody to him.

—I don't believe it is my picture.

—Can't you see your ideal in it?

—My ideal, as you call it . . .

—As you called it.

—There was nothing evil in it, nothing shameful. You were to me such an ideal as I shall never meet again. This is the face of a satyr.

—It is the face of my soul.

—Christ! What a thing I must have worshipped! It has the eyes of a devil."

—Each of us has Heaven and Hell in him, Basil, cried Dorian with a wild gesture of despair.

Horror-struck at the fearful sight, Hallward exclaims: "My God! If it is true, and this is what you have done with your life, why, you must be worse even than those who talk against you fancy you to be." He has now but one thought, to appeal to Dorian's better nature, Dorian's iniquity may yet be "washed away" . . .

—Pray, Dorian, pray, he murmurs to the young man sobbing at the window.

—It is too late, Basil.

—It is never too late, Dorian. Let us kneel down and try if we cannot remember a prayer. Isn't there a verse somewhere: 'Though your sins be as scarlet, yet I will make them as white as snow'?

—Those words mean nothing to me now.

—Hush! Don't say that. You have done enough evil in your life. My God! Don't you see that accursed thing leering at us?

As Dorian glances at the picture, *suddenly an uncontrollable feeling of hatred for Basil Hallward comes over him*, as though it had been suggested to him by the image on the canvas, whispered into his ear by those grinning lips. *The mad passions of a hunted animal stir within him*, and he loathes the man who is seated at the table more than in his whole life he had ever loathed anything. We have an instance here of a struggle between Heaven and Hell, the revolt of the devil, that lurks in the depths of the soul, against the voice of conscience. The latter is destined to succumb here. Dorian seizes a knife that he had brought up some days before and had forgotten to take away with him; he rushes at the painter and digs

the knife into the great vein that is behind the ear, crushing the man's head down on the table, and stabbing again and again . . .

Hallward stands out to Dorian as his own conscience and, therefore, he has to die a cruel death.

"REPRESSION" A COSTLY PSYCHIC STRUGGLE

The corpse of Hallward having been cremated with the involuntary aid of a former friend, Dorian resumes his former social life. The following evening, at an affair, Lord Henry, who happens to be among the guests, casually asks him why he had run off so very early the night before. "You left before eleven. What did you do afterwards? Did you go straight home?" Dorian looks at him horribly, and frowns. "No, Harry, I did not get home till nearly three." "Did you go to the club?"—"Yes," he answers. Then he bites his lip. "No, I don't mean that. I didn't go to the club. I walked about. I forget what I did . . . How inquisitive you are, Harry! You always want to know what one has been doing. *I always want to forget what I have been doing.*"

How easily a guilty conscience can be brought to betray itself! When Dorian drives back to his own house, he is conscious that the sense of terror he thought he had strangled has come back to him. Lord Henry's casual questioning has made him lose his nerves for a moment . . .

Dorian would like to forget what he has done. "Innocent blood had been spilt, what could atone for that? Ah! for that there was no atonement; but though forgiveness was impossible, forgetfulness was possible still, and he was

determined to forget, to stamp the thing out, to crush it as one would crush the adder that had stung one." There were the opium-dens where one could buy oblivion . . .

But even in the dens of horror his guilty conscience fails to grant him respite. "Memory, like a horrible malady, was eating his soul away. *From time to time he seemed to see the eyes of Basil Hallward looking at him.*" Again, the mania of persecution, evoked by a consciousness of guilt.

A remarkable concomitant of crime is the fact that the criminal not only seeks to conceal his deed, but also not infrequently to boast of it. One day Dorian ventures to ask Lord Henry: "What do you think has happened to Basil? What would you say, Harry, if I told you that I had murdered Basil?" Every affectively colored condition—and guilty conscience is such a state—has the natural tendency to seek utterance. The concealment and repression of the secret is always connected with a costly psychic struggle, and it means unutterable freedom to rid oneself of the secret, to dare to throw off the burden of the deceptive mask. Lord Henry thinks that Dorian is paradoxically posing for a character that does not suit him; but the latter is making a sincere effort to lighten the weight of his mental sufferings.

THE TRAGEDY OF NARCISM

Before we discuss the last moments in the life of Dorian Gray, let us turn our attention to another of his many love affairs. One day Dorian surprises Lord Henry. "I have done," he says, "too many dreadful things in my life. I am not going to do any more. I began my good actions yesterday." And wherein

consists his good action? He had spared a woman! She was beautiful and wonderful, like Sibyl Vane. In fact, she was a simple village girl. "We were to have gone away together this morning at dawn. Suddenly I determined to leave her flower-like as I had found her."

Lord Henry, inflexible realist that he is, views this self-sacrifice from an altogether matter-of-fact sort of viewpoint. "I should think that the novelty of the emotion must have given you a thrill of real pleasure . . . But I can finish your idyll for you. You gave her good advice and broke her heart. That was the beginning of your reformation." From a moral point of view Lord Henry has but little regard for Dorian's "great renunciation." Even as a beginning, he thinks it is poor . . .

In fact, the motive actuating a so-called "good" action may often be found grounded in trivial reasons. It is an open question if the auto-erotic Dorian, who had been raised in the altogether corrupt milieu of cultured but indolent ne'er-do-wells, is at all capable of anything "good." The sparing of Hetty Merton? Dorian himself can give no answer. "Had it been merely vanity that had made him do his one good deed? Or the desire for a new sensation, as Lord Henry had hinted, with his mocking laugh? Or that passion to act a part that sometimes makes us do things finer than we are ourselves? Or, perhaps, all these?" For sheer vanity and the urge to play a part, he had done a "good" deed,—and had broken yet another woman's heart!

But, we must remember, Dorian's renunciation is made at but a trifling cost. A narcissist as he is, he is in the last analysis incapable of loving a woman. And

he is only too well aware of his impotence. "I wish I could love!" Dorian confesses once, with a deep note of pathos in his voice. *"But I seem to have lost the passion and forgotten the desire. I am too much concentrated on myself."* And herein he optimizes the tragedy of narcissism: One is self-centered but yet obsessed with a vain desire for another. The narcissist remains therefore forever unsatisfied, since he would love but cannot.

ANIMISM AND THE ETHICAL STAGE OF NARCISM

In the course of time, even the narcissist turns weary of himself. He becomes satiated with self-love. He turns a stern critic of his own self. This is the case with Dorian. The last evening of his life he is strolling homeward. Two young men in evening dress pass him, and Dorian hears one of them whisper to the other: "That is Dorian Gray." He remembers how pleased he used to be when he was pointed out, or stared at, or talked about. He is tired of hearing his own name now. This is the first step in the conquest of narcissism. The self-sufficient narcissist deems himself a sort of Lord God who is idolized by the whole world. His interest in his fellow beings extends only to his inner need of their adulation. The non-narcissist, on the contrary, needs the world, because his love can find no satisfaction save in the company of his fellow-men.

In the last analysis, however, narcissism cannot altogether be overcome. The narcissistic temperament may become modified and put to the service of ethical tendencies. This, in turn, is but another form of vanity, since one simply wants to be better and more virtuous than others about him, or even court

admiration in the role of an acme of all virtues or of a sedulous performer of obligations.

This ethical phase of auto-eroticism, or rather the ethical as intellectually reflected in narcissism, derives additional support from the illusions of animism. Wilde remarks somewhere that fancy alone harbors the conscience that gnaws the sinner to death. But, by objectivating the conscience, animism rears a terrific power, independent of the individual, in the face of which he is compelled to yield. The very moment he is about to overcome his narcissistic impulses, Dorian's image assumes the role of this projected conscience, and brings him face to face with the hideousness of his soul. He rushes up to the attic in the vain hope that he would find his picture pure, that his "good" action has expelled every sign of evil passion from his face. Once it had given him pleasure to watch it changing and growing old. Of late he had felt no such pleasure. It had kept him awake at night. When he had been away, he had been filled with terror lest other eyes should look upon it. It had brought melancholy across his passions. Its mere memory had marred many moments of joy. *It had been like conscience to him. Yes, it had been conscience.* He would destroy it.

Dorian looks around with mingled despair and determination. The knife with which he had dealt Basil the death-blow glistens on the table. As it had killed the painter, so it must destroy the painter's work and all it has meant in his blasted life. He seizes the knife and stabs the picture with it . . . A cry is heard, and a crash,—a cry so horrible in its agony that the frightened servants rush out of their rooms . . .

The picture, as we have seen, represents man's alter ego in the philosophy of animism, and whatever fate overtakes the effigy, is likewise carried out on the persons of the living human being. Accordingly, the victim of the fatal deed could be no other than Dorian Gray. Transposed in the terms of psychology, *man's conscience cannot be destroyed without destroying man himself*. The two are too intimately intertwined with each other.

DORIAN'S PENITENCE A PHASE OF INFANTILISM

The penitent sinner yearns for punishment. He is athirst for atonement. During his last days of troubled existence, this was Dorian's uppermost desire, to confess his murder of Basil and to suffer public shame. "Ah! in what a monstrous moment of pride and passion he had prayed that the portrait should bear the burden of his days, and he keep the unsullied splendor of eternal youth! All his failure had been due to that. Better for him that each sin of his life had brought its sure, swift penalty along with it. *There was purification in punishment*. Not 'Forgive us our sins,' but 'Smite us for our iniquities' should be the prayer of a man to a most just God."

This urge for penitence is grounded in a phase of infantilism. When the child is punished by his parents, he looks upon the penalty as a loss of parental love and strives all the more to regain it. So, too, the parents, on their side, seek to make good their severity by evidence of tenderness toward their offspring. *The child thus comes to regard punishment as suffering through which he gains the privilege to lay claim to new evidences of love*. Expressed in terms of religious belief, this infantile notion becomes the following formula: "*The more trials and tribulations the sinner suffers here below, the greater his right to expect recompense in the other world*." (Cf. Leo Kaplan, *Der Tragische Held und der Verbrecher* [The Tragic Hero and the Criminal], in *Imago*, vol. IV., page 105.)

There is forgiveness in punishment. Through his death Dorian's soul is again purified. When the servants entered the attic room, "they found, hanging upon the wall, a splendid portrait of their master as they had last seen him, in all the wonder of his exquisite youth and beauty. Lying on the floor was a dead man, in evening dress, with a knife in his heart . . ."

[Translated by A. Green.]

Zoanthropy and Zoophilia

By Dr. Wilhelm Stekel, *Vienna*

During hysterical twilight states patients often identify themselves with animals. They prance like horses, glide like cats, or bark like dogs. This phenomenon—zoanthropy—occurs also in persons who are fully in control of their conscious faculties. It can be comprehended only if we make an exhaustive study of how children behave towards animals. Children resemble primitive people in being nearer to the animal world than adults. Anthropology shows that primitive people do not dissociate themselves from animals as much as cultured races do. Some races still worship animals just as some of the civilized races did. (I shall mention only the bee cult of the ancient Egyptians.) The worship of animals has persisted to this day in the shape of totemism. Other rudiments testify to the same thing. The use of animals on the coats-of-arms of nobility and royalty, as well as gentry, the designation of the stars by the names of animals and the application of animals' names to human beings, *e.g.*, Wolf, Fox, (and many others in German), show that the relationship between human beings and animals was once much more intimate than it is now.

Children do not see in animals something alien to themselves, but rather something like themselves. Little children love to play dog and cat, to imitate the sounds of animals, especially the barking of dogs. They very early play "horsey" and their first toys are replicas of animals. They are passionately fond of their teddy bear and will not be parted from it for a minute, even insisting on taking it to bed with them. A little girl of five said that her toy was her husband and that she would marry it because it was only a transformed prince; she was quite sure that as soon as she grew big enough the toy would become a prince again.

Fairy tales are adapted to the minds of children. They are full of animals that have the power of speech and that have undergone all sorts of transformations. A wolf lies in Grandmother's bed and speaks like a human being. Puss-in-boots performs miracles and frogs are transformed into princes. In short, the distinctions between animal and human being disappear. Human beings change to animals and animals to human beings,—a belief which reappears in all sorts of hypotheses and religions as the transmigration of souls.

But these fairy tales also very clearly reveal to us the sadistic character of zoanthropy. Wulffen has shown us in his very suggestive essay on the 'criminal element in German fairy tales' that we systematically poison the minds of our children with criminal notions. Evidently children have a great longing for stories of cruelty in which the feeling of terror is accompanied with an intensely pleasurable sensation, and that is why they particularly like to have gruesome stories told them. The man-eater devours his children after he has cut their heads off; the wolf's belly has to be cut open to let the children out; the vile witch is burnt, etc. These sadistic traits may be observed in the games that children play with animals. Their behavior toward animals is decidedly bipolar. They torture even their special pets. They are especially cruel in their treatment of insects. Flies are slowly tortured (in one of my cases the patient used to burn flies with a magnifying lense!). The mania for collecting, which is very characteristic of children, may be combined with the gratification of a sadistic impulse. Pins are stuck through living butterflies because allegedly they can thus be better preserved; in doing this the child not infrequently delights in the insect's death throes. Children are especially interested in different modes of killing domestic animals. They miss no opportunity to witness the operation of sticking pigs or of rendering calves unconscious by striking them on the head with an axe, etc. They look on these things with a great deal of interest combined with a sense of horror.

Not infrequently an animal is the object by means of which the child's sadis-

tic fantasy is to be transformed into action. The animal's strength is to supply the youngster with the means whereby he is to fulfill his wishes. In this way the animal becomes the means of removing the child's enemies, as we shall see in subsequent examples. Because of the child's guilty conscience these animals then become the objects of fear. In every case of zoophobia in children I have found this mechanism—the law of retaliation.

The following example strikingly illustrates this origin of zoophilia and zoophobia. A physician, aged 26, suffers from excessive doubts. He says that ever since he was six years old he has masturbated to the accompaniment of a fantasy of riding on a big, strong horse; during this fantasy manual manipulation was unnecessary to bring about an orgasm. Careful questioning brings out the fact that this fantasy contained a sadistic element: he rides through a dense crowd of human beings who scatter screaming before him. He crushes children and women under foot. The horses' sharp hoofs trample on naked abdomens from which the viscera burst forth and he is bathed in blood. White breasts are pitilessly trampled upon and the blood spurts up on his legs. Even in his earliest childhood he loved to play "horsey". Between the ages of six and nine he suffered from a fear of horses. Even today he cannot pass a horse without becoming conscious of a fear that it might bite him. Because of this he is unable to satisfy his desire to learn to ride. In his daily life he is a quiet, modest man who would do no harm to anyone and is especially considerate of animals. He frequently dreams of riding. He has fantasies of riding on a

woman, that is of being borne by one. He has a vague memory that his mother used to carry him about in this way and that while she did so he used to be conscious of a fear of falling and of a pleasurable pressure on his genitals.

It is less well known that children satisfy their earliest sexual desires by means of animals. The sexual activities of dogs, flies, horses, poultry, etc., are watched with the greatest interest by children living in the country. Many children attempt very early to satisfy their sexual desires on animals. Only rarely do parents and educators become cognizant of these attempts. But in the course of psycho-analysis neurotics again and again speak of these experiences, thus showing that they are typical childhood experiences.

The case reported by Hufeland (cited by Bloch in his essay on the origin of syphilis, 1901, page 22) is therefore not unique: "A girl of three, playing with a little pet dog, sits on a little stool with her legs apart in such a manner that the genitals of the animal press up against hers; she thus excites the dog's libido to such an extent that it actually accomplishes a coitus. At this the child lets out a scream which brings her parents upon the scene in time to witness the performance."

I have come across a large number of instances in which the children were content to have their genitals licked by hens, ducks and geese. This form of gratification is indulged in particularly by boys operating in groups. I have seen at least a dozen such instances. Not infrequently these abuses end with an injury to the animal, as I have reported in a case in Vol. IV of my books on the disturbances of the emotions (Case 99,

p. 303.) I repeat here a summary of the case: His sensuality in childhood was limitless; he abused chickens and attempted coitus with a bitch, was surprised in the stable as he attempted coitus with a filly. He loved to see animals slaughtered, especially as this is done by the Jews, *i.e.*, cutting the throat. Not infrequently these animals continue to struggle for some time after the incision. Ducks are particularly hard to kill in this way and the little sadist loved to see them most of all. He loved to visit the slaughterhouse and see oxen slain. He frequently had fantasies of being a woman or a cow. During onanism he imagined himself milking a cow. These are only a few of the zoanthropic characteristics of our patient and make intelligible his subsequent parapathia. Only a thorough knowledge of infantile sexuality can explain these psychosexual infantilisms.

I shall cite two cases of zoophilia and zoanthropy from psycho-analytic literature.

Freud's analysis of a five-year-old boy (*Jahrbuch f. psychoanalytische Forschungen*, I. Band. 1909.) is the first attempt to analyse a child's phobia. The youngster was an extremely intelligent child, spoiled by too much petting, who suddenly developed an inexplicable fear of horses. The birth of his sister seems to have been a great trauma for him. "But I don't want a little sister!" He also had fantasies of getting rid of his mother. (A bipolar tendency—love and hate—is characteristic of little Johnny.) At the age of four and three-quarters he came to his mother and said, crying: "When I was sleeping I thought you were gone and I had no Mamma to pet me." After an attack of influenza his

phobia was worse. He thought horses would bite him. (After sicknesses phobias often get worse. The parents' tenderness and devotion stir up repentance and the fear of being punished by God develops.) His fear of horses did not, however, prevent his playing "horsy" with the maid. He would pull her skirt and cry "Gee up!" and called her his horse. With this there are indications of an erotic attitude towards the girl: he longs to see her naked. He fears all large animals, *e.g.*, giraffes, elephants, pelicans, etc., but is not afraid of small animals. Large animals evidently stand for power and evil deeds.

Freud noted the child's hostile attitude to his little sister. Little Johnny dreamt: During the night a large and a bedraggled giraffe were in the room; the large one screamed because I took away the bedraggled one; then she stopped screaming and I got on top of the bedraggled one. The boy's father, who was also an analyst, interpreted the dream thus: the large giraffe is myself as well as the large phallus (the long neck), the bedraggled one is my wife or the vulva. (The father had explained to little Johnny that women have no penis). Freud accepts this interpretation and regards it as a reproduction of a conjugal scene. When in a fever one night, at the age of three and a half, he was heard to say: But I think that Johnny wanted to take his little sister away from his mother and crush her under foot. He told his father directly: "Isn't it true that Hanni (his sister) is the bedraggled giraffe?" But both the father and the analyst overlooked this explanation. Johnny's criminal fantasies are apparent in his free associations. He says

that he thought of raspberry juice. The experienced analyst knows that this stands for blood. The father took a humorous view of the boy's remark although Johnny's next association brings out my interpretation. Father: "What else?" Johnny: "A gun with which to kill." Father: "That you surely did not dream." Johnny: "Certainly not, I'm quite sure of that." He therefore harbors the criminal fantasy of shooting his little sister. A day or two later Johnny ran plump against his father's abdomen and stamped about as a horse does after it has run over someone.

The phobia broke out after Johnny had seen a large horse fall. At that moment he was probably thinking: Would that father fell like this! He also feared something black (Blood?) about the horse's mouth. He always thinks that horses can bite. Soon thereafter he began daily to play being a horse and would run about, fall down (!), tramp with his feet and neigh. Once he tied a little bag about his face to represent a nose-bag. He often ran up to his father and pretended to bite him. The black thing about the mouth he says is a muzzle. (Protection against biting?) We therefore see here that phenomenon which is never absent in cases of zoophobia: The patient identifies himself with the animal he fears. This explains many of these patients' obscure antics and confirms my dictum: all fear is a fear of oneself!

Little Johnny shows other sadistic traits. He loves to play with a rubber doll into which he plunges his pen knife, and then he tears its limbs apart.

To explain the origin of his fear of horses we must add that in their games the father often played the role of

Johnny's horse. Freud was therefore right in saying that the fear of the horse meant a fear of the father. Freud found the root of the phobia to be in the law of retaliation. He says during the course of the analysis: "Johnny admits having wished that his mother would drop the little girl while she was bathing her so that she would die; his fear while being bathed was therefore a fear of retribution." Another one of Freud's interpretations is of great significance: With another, apparently accidental, symptomatic action he admits that he had wished his father's death, as is shown by his knocking over a horse with which he was playing. He did this at the moment when the father was speaking of the wish for his death.

This analysis teaches us clearly how a zoophobia originates. Johnny identifies both himself and his father with a horse. The sexual attitude to the horse is shown in his relationship to the maid. His attitude towards his father is also bipolar. He wants to have either his father or his mother to himself. That is why he harbors wishes for the death of his father as well as of his mother at various times. We can take it for granted that originally he wanted to bite his little sister to death.

In most cases the childhood phobia is forgotten. But if subsequently a zoanthropic parathia develops it means only a regression to an infantile period.

A case reported by Dr. Ferenczi (*Int. Zeitsch. f. Psychoanalyse*, Vol. 1, 1913) speaks even more clearly. It is the case of "the little rooster".—The patient was a little boy who after a vacation in the country spent the entire day in the poultry yard, refusing to speak, but crowing like a rooster or clucking like a hen. At

the same time he was afraid of roosters. It was alleged that a year before a rooster had jumped at him and attempted to bite his penis. The sadistic element in his zoanthropia was very marked. He cut paper hens to pieces and imitated the death throes of chickens. In dreams of poultry he saw the carcasses of chickens and would have loved to strangle a living rooster. He longed to gouge out the eyes of the dead hens. The killing of such a fowl is a feast for him. He looks on with great interest and excitedly dances in triumph about the slaughtered fowl. But he also shows a great love for animals. He kisses the hens, strokes them, and calls them pet names. He shows the same sadistic tendency towards human beings. He would like to eat a "perserved mother" and cut off a girl's head. Ferenczi tries to prove the significance of the castration complex by this case and comes to the conclusion that the rooster is the father.

The above shows us also the identification with the feared as well as the loved animal. Freud and Ferenczi assert that the animal always represents the parents and that the child's bipolar attitude to its parents is manifested in the alternating love and hate. This association between parent and animal seems to me to be corroborated by the case reported by Dr. Féré (*L'instinct sexuel*,—reported by me in my second volume, p. 339.) The patient was a homosexual who, because of insomnia, had been permitted to sleep with his mother when he was about three years of age. In his fidgety movements while in bed he managed to touch his mother's mons veneris. When he did this the thought of some animal entered

his mind. Then he jumped out of bed with a scream and insisted on going into his own bed. After this experience he refused to get into his mother's or his nurse's bed because he was afraid of the animal. He began to brood about it and longed to see the animal. He pretended to be asleep when the nurse was undressing, and, after a few months, got an opportunity to see the animal again. It was only when he was eight years of age that a text book on anatomy explained to him, in somewhat confused language, the nature of the beast. He understood, however, that all women were provided with an animal and thereafter refused to let women touch him or to take him on their laps. But he loved to climb up the legs of men. Gradually and steadily a homosexual tendency developed in him. In the presence of women he could not help thinking of the animal. Later on he became afflicted with attacks which he aptly described as "reversions into the past."

It is to be regretted that Féré tells us nothing about the patient's relationship to real animals. But this case explains why some children like furs and why they are afraid or fond of men or women wearing furs. (Sacher-Masoch, as we know, liked women in furs. We may remind the reader of the famous painting by Rubens in the Vienna Art Gallery which represents his wife, Helene Fourment, naked with the exception of a strip of fur which runs down so as to cover the genitals. Experienced cocottes know the erotic effects produced by furs.) Seeing one's father wearing a fur coat may be just as likely to repel a child or to make it afraid as to stir up sexual ex-

citement. In this kind of fetichism—one of the most common forms of fetichism next to shoe fetichism—it is a matter of fusing impressions of animals with the earliest observation of hairy parts of the body. The impression produced by seeing the father's hairy chest as well as the hairy mons may leave permanent traces and contribute to the development of a zoophilia or zoanthropy.

Children love to play with the hairy parts of their nurses, love to put on furs and to play bear or dog. Many derive erotic sensations from stroking animals and thus predispose to a fixation which may manifest itself as zoophilia in the adult. In Féré's case we found the regression into the infantile. We can see this in all cases of psycho-sexual infantilism. The earliest cases of zoanthropia described in recent literature all speak of twilight states, *i.e.* of deliria in which the infantile condition returns.

Descriptions of former ages frequently deal with epidemic zoanthropy. These epidemics excited the greatest interest of physicians as well as laymen and were looked upon as the work of the devil and were described as a form of being possessed. All these cases were really manifestations of sadistic tendencies which were gratified by the identification with animals. As I have already shown, children are almost always sadistic in their zoanthropic fantasies. I could cite a dozen examples from my own experience. A two year old boy bit off the head of a little chick; a three year old boy gouged out a pigeon's eyes; a four year old girl cut the necks of six little chicks so that she could play keeping-house. Wulffen (*Das Kind. Sein Wesen und seine Entartung.* Verlag Langen-

scheidt, Berlin 1913.) narrates the following: Someone gave a five year old girl a gift of a young pigeon but she would not play with it; she was determined to tear its head off and have her mother bake it. Wulffen thinks that children are not aware of the fact that they are cruel, that they do not know that animals suffer pain. But this does not tally with my experience. When Wulffen tells us of a boy who kept throwing young swallows into the air until they were dead we cannot believe that the boy (aged eleven!) did not know that he was cruel. I have shown elsewhere that such children often become the devoted friends of animals and cannot bear to see an animal suffer. They often become zealous members of associations for the protection of animals. The Viennese poet, Castelli, narrates in his memoirs that he loved to torture animals until his mother made a serious appeal to his conscience. He then became a warm friend of animals and was the founder of the Vienna Association for the Protection of Animals, an association which has accomplished a great deal in this matter.

Very little has so far been written about children's thirst for blood and similar atavistic tendencies. It is relatively frequent and is very early repressed and converted into its opposite. Children suddenly develop a disgust for red foods; they vomit at the sight of "blood-soup", "blood-sausage", even at the sight of meat and the coagulum on cooked milk. Such children love to suck their own wounds and covet the privilege of sucking the wounds of others. They inflict wounds on themselves by biting and scratching themselves, espe-

cially their lips, so as to be able to suck the blood out of them.

Only when this trait is understood can we comprehend the frightful epidemics of lycanthropy and *laira*. The belief that a human being can transform himself into a wolf—the belief in werewolves—is very ancient. Herodotos tells us that it was known to the Scythians and Aenius tells us that the Greeks were acquainted with this fearful superstition. Roman authors also mention certain human beings, "versipelles", who had transformed themselves into wolves. The belief is still current in Asia and Africa and in certain districts in South Russia. Now and then lycanthropy becomes fused with vampirism, a subject to which we shall return.

Those afflicted with lycanthropy used to run about in the forests, became savages, allowed their hair and their nails to grow, howled and barked like wolves at night, attacked human beings, bit them and drank their blood. Many of these invalids took advantage of their lycanthropism to satisfy their anthropophagism or cannibalism.

The last great epidemic of lycanthropy occurred in the Swiss County of St. Claude near Freiburg. Among the werewolves were also women who devoured their own children. The church fought the epidemic with fire and sword, probably because the witches' Sabbath was a part of the cult. One judge sentenced six hundred persons to death. This epidemic was thoroughly described by Voltaire. Friedman (*Wahnideen im Voelkerleben*, 1901) says correctly that in most of these cases it was probably a matter of an epileptic twilight state. (The Malay ceremony of running

amuck, in which the runner smashes everything that comes in his way until he is himself beaten up like a wild beast, is probably also an epileptic twilight state and demonstrates the near kinship between epilepsy and sadism.) We must also mention the malady known as *lairism* in Southern France, the classic land of hysterical epidemics, and in Russia where more than 120 women were afflicted in a small community. The women rolled on the ground, bayed at the full moon, bit each other and kicked with their feet,—in short, they behaved as if they were animals. Holland was afflicted with epidemics in which school-children pretended to be sheep, gamboled, skipped about and bleated like sheep. Some writers report epidemics in convents in which the inmates thought themselves transformed into cats and spat and bit and scratched and meowed like cats all night long. Of course they were supposed to be possessed by the devil.

All these were cases of mass-hysteria and persistent hysterical states. Individual zoanthropy occurs chiefly during a hysterical attack. In the cases observed by Sträussler the invalids pranced about like little horses, *i.e.*, like a child playing "horsey". Janet reports a case in which the patient who imagined herself a lion during her attacks used to tear with her teeth the portraits of various persons. Janet very aptly remarks: inasmuch as she could not harm actual persons she destroyed them in effigy. (This sort of damage done in effigy plays a great role in superstitions. I know women who pierced the photographs of their rivals. One of these, suffering from periodic melancholia, pierced both eyes on a photograph.)

Schneider, the latest writer on this subject, is of the opinion that zoanthropy is a kind of infantilism combined with imitation. The hysteric is a person leading a primitive mental life. He refers to totemism. Inasmuch as he attributes zoanthropy to fright (his patient had been bitten by a dog, whereupon she developed cynanthropy) he finds in zoanthropy a purpose to frighten away the totem animal by encountering it in its own image. We have seen that deeper motives lie behind this identification with an animal and shall demonstrate these motives by citing some cases later on.

We find the hysterical twilight state in all these cases. First, however, I shall report several cases occurring during the possession of full consciousness. The first one was reported by Dr. Binswanger (*Die Hysterie*, 1904, p. 556): An unmarried woman, aged 41, suffers from melancholia with hypochondriacal ideas. After she had for a long time nursed a sick uncle and after her engagement had been broken she became afflicted with insomnia, restlessness and great irritability. "One day there suddenly manifested itself a sound like a gentle bark in which the internal excitement seemed to vent itself. Soon thereafter she uttered real outcries. After the cessation of these spasmodic outcries there came some inarticulate sounds which reminded one partly of whining and partly of the barking of a dog. She also imitated the sounds of birds and the crowing of the cock. Later on the patient howled and barked every time she suffered any painful emotion and finally the barking was carried out so unwittingly that she herself was frightened by them. Gradually improve-

ment in her condition was brought about by systematic respiratory gymnastics.

Binswanger's case shows us how these cases were described in pre-analytic days. We are interested in the psychogenesis of the symptoms, the infantile roots of the zoanthropia, the sadistic instincts. At whom were they directed? All this remains in darkness.

And now I shall relate a few cases from my own experience and one from the experience of Dr. Tannenbaum which he communicated to me orally.

A man of 36 became afflicted with a mild degree of depression which disappeared after he had had a short vacation. After the depressive stage there was a period of excitement. He became sleepless, restless, thought of all sorts of unpractical projects, and became very irritable. His wife irritated him especially. One day, after waking from a dream, he began to bark and to run around the room snarling. These attacks lasted about ten minutes and recurred about six times a day. I was called in to see him and he narrated the dream: "A big black dog jumped at me and wanted to bite me. I shook him off and saw him jump at another man and fasten his fangs in his throat. I awoke frightened."

After hesitating a long time, he associated his superior officer to the man in the dream. Following up this clue, I ascertained the following facts: he had been guilty of an impropriety which could easily have resulted in his dismissal; his chief had found out that he had permitted himself to be bribed in an important matter; it so happens that the briber was in the right and would have won his point even without the

bribed co-operation of the patient, but this did not alter the fact that he had been bribed; his chief had told him that in a few days he would report the matter and urged him to return the bribe to the one who had given it to him, but this the patient could not do as he had already spent the money (in paying some of his debts, buying his wife clothes and in betting on the races); while in this predicament, in which his honor and his position were at stake, he recollected that his chief was a great "friend of the ladies" and that he had on several occasions paid his wife attentions when she had happened to call at the office; he therefore confessed everything to his wife and suggested that she go to the chief and plead for him: he would be economical, save money, behave himself and make up for the damage he had done; his wife refused at first, but finally acceded to his wish; he reported himself sick and she went to his chief with the message; she came back somewhat embarrassed and reported that at first the chief had refused but subsequently had promised to keep silent about the matter (of which he had had no official cognizance and, at any rate, had heard of it only indirectly); he had not dared to ask his wife why his chief had been so accommodating; after a few days he returned to his work and nothing was said to him; but soon after he became depressed and was haunted with the idea whether his wife had had anything to do with his chief; he did not want to know the truth but could not bear to live in doubt; he could not reproach his wife for he had sent her to the Don Juan; in consequence of internal inhibitions and hatred of her he became impotent; he

became sick and got a vacation which, with the financial support of a rich uncle, he spent in a cheap sanitarium; but even while there he was troubled with the idea that his chief was supplying his wife with the money he was spending at the sanitarium; while there he gradually calmed down for he became acquainted with a very accommodating young woman with whom, to his great relief, he was perfectly potent; infidelity for infidelity, thought he, and a cynical philosophy saved him from the pangs of a guilty conscience; with this his depression vanished.

But he had no sooner returned home than his doubts recurred and he became obsessed with a vague desire to be revenged on his chief. He meditated on ways and means of satisfying this desire and also learning the truth about his wife, but he did not dare to question her outright. After a short period of potency he again became impotent as far as she was concerned and this served to depress him still more. Now he began to visit his mother more frequently though he had neglected her of late and would spend his evenings with her. In a trunk there he found his old toys and this also aggravated his condition for he found himself lapsing into day-dreams in which he was a child again. Among these playthings was a toy dog that had been his favorite for many years and with which he used to play so much that his mother often scolded him with: "Are you a fool? You are just like a child!"

The following day he had his first attack. What he did not dare to say he barked. He wanted to bite his wife and had fantasies of biting his chief's throat in twain. During his treatment

he recalled that he had for years feared dogs (lyssaphobia) although he was attracted to them. Because of fear of rabies he never owned a dog though he had always wanted one.

In his dreams, one of which I have narrated, he identifies himself with a mad dog. It is of significance that at home he lacked the courage to practice cunnilingus though elsewhere this was his chief passion. Part of the money that he got wrongfully he spent on prostitutes who permitted irrumation and with whom he practiced "soixante-neuf."

His zoanthropy proved to be a regression to a form of infantile sexuality and was a means of expressing thoughts and desires which he dared not utter in human speech. Our next case shows a similar psychogenesis:

A man of 49, slightly affected with Basedow's disease, very neuropathic, becomes afflicted with attacks during which he runs about his room like mad and utters loud outcries. Outcries of "I am utterly lost" alternate with unintelligible gibberish (glossolalia) of which unfortunately no record was made. One day his outcries were replaced by an imitation of the crowing of a rooster. He began to act as if he were a rooster: he crowed, scratched with his feet and delighted his neighbors with his "kikeriki." After we had begun psychoanalytic treatment he confessed to me, very reluctantly, that his conscience troubled him. He is the foreman in a factory in which the sixteen year old daughter of a friend of his is employed. He could not keep his eyes off this girl. He kept reproaching himself with "You old donkey! You are the father of two sons and a girl as old as this one; what are you thinking of?"

But one night he and she stayed in the office to do some work and he began to play with her; after a while she permitted him clitoridem titillare while she cepit phallum in manu sua. After a few months the inevitable happened and she became pregnant. To get the money that was needed to bring about an abortion he "borrowed" money from the firm's cash box. All went well, but he soon noticed that the girl was not true to him, that she was leading a very gay life, was dressing unusually well, and was associating a good deal with a rich friend. Then she refused to have any more to do with him and threw up her job. Thereupon he became insanely jealous and planned to be revenged on his wealthy rival.

To console himself he sought the company of other girls and began to lead a riotous life. He began to drink and soon found himself owing his firm 30,000 Kronen and without any prospects of ever returning it. His wife has a little fortune of her own but he did not dare to ask her to pay for his stupidities. He became remorseful, stopped drinking, gave up his acquaintances and began to speculate and profiteer, in the hope of making enough money to pay back the monies he had stolen. In this he succeeded to some extent. He was in hopes of straightening matters out when he discovered that his daughter was having a love affair with some one for she was wearing much more elegant clothes than he could afford to give her, and it was quite evident that her mother had maintained a discreet silence about the matter because, she said, in war times all girls were driven into such things. Besides, the pot had no right to

call the kettle black. It turned out that she had known all about his relationship with the girl in his shop but had said nothing out of a sense of injured pride. Of his other escapades she was in total ignorance.

It was after he had freely confessed himself to his wife that his outcries began. In these outcries he proclaimed his malefactions to the world and abreacted them. But why did he crow? Why the identification with the rooster? With the crowing he proclaimed, on the one hand, that he had possessed a harem (a bevy of hens), and, on the other, manifested a sadistic component which had been slumbering for many years but which had been very pronounced in his childhood.

Among his favorite sadistic fantasies was that of sticking out the eyes of an opponent. He recalls that in his childhood a certain story had made a profound impression on him. A servant girl had told the story of how the devil had got entrance into a certain house by disguising himself as a human being; in that house was a rooster who one day nipped out the devil's eyes, whereupon his Satanic Majesty disappeared in a great smoke, with a fierce outcry and a foul stench. For a long time after the boy had suffered from a fear of a rooster nipping out his eyes. In those days he had felt great love for poultry and attempted all sorts of erotic games with roosters. The copulation in the poultry farm interested him greatly. So, too, the mating process of flies. At the time of his first attempt at masturbation he kept his eyes on a pair of coupling Maybugs. He admits having annoyed mares by inserting his finger in vaginam. It

is interesting to note that he is an eye fetishist and fell in love with his wife's beautiful eyes. His daughter's eyes are very much like his wife's but with a slight tinge of grey. The girl in the shop had eyes like his daughter's; she was the daughter-imago. It is quite clear now that he always had his daughter's eyes before him and that he wanted to blind her lover by nipping out his eyes. It also meant that he was a blind man. (Blinding as punishment for incest is dealt with in the tragedy of Oedipus. The eye is a familiar genital symbol.) He had blinded (deflowered) a virgin and he had to be blinded in retribution. His daughter's misfortune he regarded as punishment for his sins and he crowed in memory of the unhappy role played by Peter's rooster in the triple betrayal of Christ. He is a Christian who has denied his God. He made a rapid recovery after three weeks of psychoanalysis. The money he had stolen was repaid by his wife, he retained his position, and his daughter married the man who had been maintaining her.

A somewhat similar case was communicated to me by my American friend, Dr. Tannenbaum. The patient was a man who had suffered several severe blows at the hands of fortune, including "gastric ulcers" and business reverses. Someone had taken advantage of his absence from business to steal valuable papers which enabled his partners to force him out of the business. But he could not prove their larceny and could not set himself right with his business acquaintances. Thereupon he developed a severe neurosis, intense depression, a prominent symptom of which was the frequent utterance of a loud piercing

shriek which sounded somewhat like the meow of some wild beast. What he dared not say to the world in plain terms he gave vent to in the manner just described. [My own explanation of these outcries is quite different from Dr. Stekel's clever interpretation. I see in them only tremendously exaggerated sobs. These cries were produced only when he thought of the hopelessness of his situation and when he feared a future of hardships and poverty. He was cured without knowing Dr. Stekel's interpretation.—S. A. T.]

I must not close this paper without referring to the frequent occurrence of zoanthropia in the psychoses. Psychiatrists have many opportunities to encounter the delusion of being an animal but they are not in a position to get at the psychogenesis of the idea. The matter is somewhat simpler in melancholia in which lycanthropy [from "lykos"—"wolf" and "anthropos"—"man"] is met with more frequently. One who is acquainted with the melancholic's intense sense of guilt must admit that this is due to uncontrolled sadistic impulses such as we encounter in the periods of hatred which characterize melancholia. It may not be improper at this point to refer to Dr. Abraham's contention that there is a relationship between melancholia and cannibalism and that the anorexia of the melancholic is attributable to the repression of the cannibalistic component.

In the early stages of dementia praecox (schizophrenia) we often see clear instances of zoanthropia. In the psychoses too it is a matter of a regression to an infantile period, an archaism.

I may also remark that there is no living thing which may not become the

object of zoanthropic identification. In most instances the zoanthropy serves to symbolise the sadistic component. (In a novel by Kafka, entitled "Verwandlung" [Transformation] the grotesque zoanthropic fantasy of the life of a bed-bug is depicted with uncanny plasticity. A man awakes one morning and discovers that he has been transformed into a bed-bug. He then describes how cruelly he is treated by his family and from his experiences he deduces all sorts of conclusions about the egoism of his family whose support he had been till his transformation. The bed-bug too is a blood-sucker Transformation into a small animal for the purpose of getting favorable opportunities to observe all sorts of sexual matters plays a great role in the lives of children. They would like to be flies or fleas so as to have the opportunity to watch their parents. Fairy tales have not failed to take cognizance of this form of zoanthropic fantasy.)*

*Perhaps the first detailed description of zoanthropia occurs in the Bible.

Kowalewski, in his article on 'insane rulers and leaders' (Munich, 1910), regards Nebuchadnezzar as a lycanthrope. After a prophetic dream in which God warns him against pride and which was interpreted by Daniel [*The Book of Daniel*, Chapter 4, 19-27] as a threat of being transformed into an animal Nebuchadnezzar continues his iniquities. The Bible says (31-33): "There fell a voice from heaven, saying O king Nebuchadnezzar, to thee it is spoken; The kingdom is departed from thee. And they shall drive thee from men, and thy dwelling shall be with the beasts of the field: they shall make thee to eat grass as oxen, and seven times shall pass over thee, until thou know that the most High ruleth in the kingdom of men, and giveth it to whomsoever he will. The same hour was the thing fulfilled upon Nebuchadnezzar: and he was driven from men, and did eat grass as oxen, and his body was wet with the dew of heaven, till his hairs were grown like eagles' feathers, and his nails were like bird's claws."

[Translated by S. A. Tannenbaum.]

The Psychology of Everyday Mistakes

[Continued]

By Samuel A. Tannenbaum, M.D., *New York*

Example 27.—A physician went to his desk with the intention of taking his check book and making out a check for merchandise his wife had bought. He opened the drawer containing the check book and took out—his book of accounts. My interpretation was almost instantaneous,—the doctor would rather be making out some one's bill than paying for the purchases. "It so happens," remarked the Doctor deliberately, "that you are partly in the right. I disapproved of my wife's purchases, and, to be perfectly frank, I do not pay bills with pleasure, but, for all that, your interpretation is incorrect. You see, I don't like to make out bills either,—it's so much like business! but, of course, I'd rather make out a bill than sign a check. However, these facts had really nothing to do with my mistake, and it might just as readily have happened that I took out the check book when I wanted the account book. For this is how my error occurred, and if you are not too hopelessly prejudiced you will admit that my explanation is correct: This drawer contains bundles of papers, policies, leases, magazine clippings, etc., besides the check book and the account book; naturally, the account

book is used much less often than the check book and is handled only by me; the check book is handled often, especially by my wife. I therefore expect the check book to be on top of the account book, but it so happens that when I went to make out this check the account book was on top,—evidently I had looked up someone's account and had then put the book on top of the check book. What more natural than that I should put my hand into the drawer and take thence the book which was on top? You might say that the feel of the book, its greater weight and thickness should have told me at once that I had the wrong book in my hand. True, but I approached my purpose more or less mechanically, took the book out of the drawer almost automatically; besides, my mind was probably not as acutely attuned to tactile sense impressions owing to my emotional state." I had to admit that the facts and logic were against me and that the Doctor's explanation was correct.

Discussing (*l.c.*, p. 54) "the exceedingly frequent incidents of forgetting to return books which one has borrowed, or forgetting to pay one's debts," Freud says: "We will be so bold as to accuse the borrower or

debtor of intending to keep the book and not to pay the debts, while he will deny such an intention, but will not be in a position to give us any other explanation of his conduct. Thereupon we insist that *he has the intention, only he knows nothing about it*; all we need for our inference is to have the intention betray itself through the effect of the forgetfulness. [Ah, but this is taking an "intention" for granted where, in fact, there may be none!] If we wish to be consistent in our interpretation we will be unavoidably forced to the conclusion that *there are tendencies in a human being which can become effective without his being conscious of them.*"

As is usually the case with Freud's statements, there is a large element of truth in the contents of the above paragraph. We all know that people are very apt to forget to make out checks, to overlook mailing letters containing checks, to recall nothing of small debts incurred casually, to be careless about returning borrowed books, umbrellas, fountain pens, etc. But Freud commits the grave and fundamental error of leaving out of consideration the equally universal facts that we as often forget to make out and send bills, overlook mailing merely routine and commonplace letters and letters that mean nothing to us personally (*e.g.*, such as we have been asked to mail), forget to collect small amounts due us, or to claim books, umbrellas, pencils, etc., that we have loaned to others.

We readily concede that one who "forgets" to pay his bills or to return borrowed books intends not to pay the

bill or return the book, though we should prefer to put it in language more acceptable to sensitive souls and say that such a person would prefer not to have to pay his debts or to return borrowed property and that he probably cherishes the hope that the creditor has forgotten the loss. (Seeing that we sometimes forget debts due us, why may not our creditor be similarly forgetful?) But we decidedly object to the statement that the debtor has the wrong intention, "only he knows nothing about it." He knows all about it, even though he does not admit it to us and may indignantly repudiate our accusation. No doubt humanity does prefer to have its vices sugar-coated, to be told and to believe that its selfishness, greediness, covetousness, envy, jealousy, sensuality, brutality, aggressiveness, etc., exist in the Unconscious (into which these "vices" had been "repressed", or from which they had not emerged) and that we sometimes, to our great regret, acted in accordance with these tendencies—"without being conscious of them."* In his heart of

*But, for all that, in the daily pursuit of its business, mankind is constantly suspicious of and on its guard against the knavish disposition which it attributes to "the other fellow."

heart everyone knows that he is made of common clay and that his soul, crawling between earth and heaven, is freighted with such things as often make him wish that his mother had not borne him. There is no man who cannot apply to himself Hamlet's words: "I am myself indifferent honest We are arrant knaves

all; believe none of us!" I emphasize this because I consider Freud's emphasis of the unconscious nature of our weaknesses the explanation for the acceptance of his theories with a certain class of persons in whose minds this Unconscious becomes a general scapegoat absolving them all from sin and responsibility. To rise to higher levels of civilization mankind must have the honesty to see itself as it is and must accept full responsibility for its behavior. Conduct determined by unconscious tendencies is a pleasing fiction, but has no place in scientific psychology.

In *Example 27* the Doctor was guilty of an error (mis-take) because he acted automatically, or, perhaps more accurately stated, because he acted in accordance with an expectation based upon habit. This simple explanation has been wholly ignored by the psychoanalysts although such lapses are exceedingly frequent in our everyday life. Thus, for example, it takes me several days to realize that the cover of my inkwell has been broken and that I must lift it off now instead of turning it on its hinge. (Every time I make the mistake I get a little shock of surprise and disappointment, followed by a sense of annoyance.) The large knurl which locks the iron rod by means of which we close and open the French window in my office has been missing for some time, but every time I go to open or close the window my hand automatically goes out to where the missing knurl ought to be. A psychoanalyst would, of course, explain that I wish my inkwell whole and the knurl in position; true, but there is no reason why such a wish should be attributed

to "the Unconscious." And, furthermore, there are a great many such habit actions into which a wish cannot be read, as, for example, in the wry face I made on taking a dose of medicine which I expected to be bitter, but which proved to be rather pleasant, or in the incident of snatching my hand away from a steam pipe which I touched accidentally and expected to be hot, when in reality it was cold.

IX.

"It is probable," says Dr. E. Jones (*l.c.*, p. 77), "that objects are never accidentally mislaid." Freud (*l.c.*, p. 57), giving a more definite formulation to this subject, informs us that though we lose and mislay objects for various "reasons and purposes", the common element "in all cases" is the wish to lose something. He says: "One loses an object when it has become damaged, when one intends to replace it with a better one, when one has ceased to like it, when it came from a person whose relations to one have been strained, or when it was obtained under circumstances of which one no longer wishes to think. The same purpose may be served by letting the object fall, be damaged or broken A certain remissness in the care of the object might easily apply. But things may be singled out for loss without their having forfeited any of their value, namely, when there exists the intention to sacrifice something to fate in order to ward off some other dreaded loss. Such exorcisings of fate are . . . still very frequent among us; therefore, the loss of things is often a voluntary sacrifice. In the same way losing may serve the purpose of obstinacy or self-punishment."

One would think, from reading the above, that there is no instance of losing or mislaying an object but finds a meaningful explanation and that Jones' statement represents the generally accepted Freudian idea: "objects are never accidentally mislaid." But we have only to turn to page 41 of *A General Introduction* to see that Freud himself does not think so, notwithstanding what he says in the above paragraph. On that page he says: "There does very probably exist a type of case in which the loss of objects should be recognized as unintentional," and the context leaves no room for doubt that the words "as unintentional" mean "as not answering to an unconscious wish."

Example 28.—In the seventh and enlarged edition (1920) of his work on the psychopathology of everyday life, Freud gives the following illustration (p. 207) of his views on the mislaying, losing, and breaking of objects: "A short while ago there was a period in my home in which an unusually large amount of glasses and porcelain crockery was being broken; I myself contributed considerably to the damage. But this little psychic endemic was easily explainable; it was the period just preceding the marriage of my oldest daughter. It is the custom [among Jews] purposely to break an utensil at such a ceremony and to accompany it with an exclamation meaning 'good luck!' This custom may signify a sacrifice in addition to having another symbolic meaning."

If this means anything it means that Professor Freud and his family were (or are) so superstitious that they were breaking their household crockery

as a means of propitiating some deity who, in return for the sacrifice, would bring luck to the bride. Professor Freud would probably say that this superstition was unconscious in him and in his family and that it was there as part of the heritage of the race.

Several serious objections to Professor Freud's analysis present themselves. Crockery is not broken by the Jews as part of the marriage ceremony. At the conclusion of the ring ceremony the bridegroom breaks a wine-glass (not crockery) by stamping on it, not by dropping it,—evidently the defloration symbol to which Freud alludes. In this ritual the emphasis is not on the broken glass, but on the act of breaking it, in the shape of the object that is broken and the nature of the act: the foot symbolizes the phallus, the glass the vulvar canal, and the stamping the coitus. There is, therefore, no logical parallel between the Hebrew marriage custom and the broken crockery endemic in Freud's household. If we were conducting an analysis on a patient in strict accordance with the Freudian technique, we should say that in Freud's breaking the family glassware we have an illustration of the working of what he would call "the reversed Oedipus complex."

But how about the female members of the household? Well, they gratify (symbolically, of course) their repressed homoerotism! But, persists the inquisitive critic, how can a female long to—it seems so illogical. Granted; it is illogical; but have we not been told that the Unconscious is illogical?

Besides, psychoanalysis expressly refuses to rest or rely on logic alone. As Jones (*l.c.*, p. 83) says: "In most of the examples [of lapses discussed] it is possible to discover a motive for the given occurrence that logically accounts for this, but which does not lie particularly deep in the person's mind It is next necessary to discover the origin of the motive or tendency in question, or to explain why it needs to be expressed at all. In this investigation one reaches the realm of the unconscious proper Unfortunately, however, the motives then reached are usually of so intimate a nature that discretion forbids the publishing of them." In other words, no explanation is complete before one has discovered a sexual, perverse, incestuous or anal erotic drive behind even the most trivial lapse (mistake, error, forgetting, etc.) And yet the psycho-analysts protest that they do not sexualize the patient's symptoms!*

*Jones devotes three pages to discovering a sexual meaning for a doctor's apparently trivial act of putting an old-fashioned wooden stethoscope in a certain position on his table.—Cf. *Papers on Psycho-Analysis*, pp. 83-86.

If we believed, with Ernest Jones, that no explanation for a lapse is complete or satisfactory unless it is of such a nature as to be unfit to print, we should stop with the interpretation of the broken crockery endemic we have given above. But we do not agree with him. And, after all, Professor Freud himself has left us a little loophole by saying that a

certain type of the loss of objects,—and, presumably, of breakage too—may be accidental. But how are we to know when an accident is accidental and when not? When does it need a psycho-analytic explanation and when not? The first of these questions we are willing to leave to those skilled in the art of sophistication. The answer to the second question is obviously that an accident calls for a psycho-analytic explanation when it is logically explicable on other grounds.

Inasmuch as we already have a psycho-analytic explanation for the antenuptial mishaps in the Freudian household, we may perhaps be permitted to suggest a logical explanation. Freud and his family are, as he virtually confesses, consciously or unconsciously superstitious. Now, one of the members of the household, perhaps the bride herself, accidentally, owing to "a certain remissness", broke a piece of crockery, and, fearing that this predicted bad luck, she tried to take the curse from the mishap by exclaiming "Mazel Tov!" [*i.e.*, good luck!]. The other members of the family, realizing the significance of the occurrence, and being equally superstitious, took the cue and suggested to themselves the breaking of more crockery so as to assure an extraordinarily large degree of luck to the bride. "A certain degree of remissness" (Freud) in the care of the crockery would serve to bring this about. Professor Freud has taught us that "the effect of the forgetfulness" is "all we need for our inference" that a person harbors a wish not to pay his debts. So we may

say: the broken crockery proves the correctness of our inference.

The matter of the broken crockery interests us from still another angle. From his own account of the matter, it is evident that thirty years of psycho-analysis has not freed Professor Freud from superstition. And yet we have been told in innumerable essays and books, and in no unemphatic terms, that in psycho-analysis we have the sovereign remedy against the automatic operation of split-off (repressed) "complexes." Many of us have known for some time that analysis without synthesis (re-education) does not cure a psychoneurosis, but Professor Freud seems to have realized it only about one and a half years ago. That perhaps accounts for his failure to cure himself and his patients of their obsessive ideas.*

*"For the present at least it [psycho-analysis] is just as powerless in the face of these maladies [i.e. obsessions] as every other therapy."—Freud, *A General Introduction*, p. 220. In the light of this, one will at least smile on reading B. Russell's statement (*The Analysis of Mind*, p. 34) that delusions disappear "if the lunatic can be made to face the facts about himself."

That he is not free from other "complexes" as well we shall show later on.

In the light of the above quotation from Jones—which we may be sure, represents the views of Professor Freud, for Jones is unquestionably orthodox and the most reliable English mouthpiece for Freud, even where he does not use quotation

marks—the inquiring student might ask: "When does the analyst know that he has discovered the unconscious motive or motives behind such errors as we have been considering? What, in other words, is the hallmark of the Unconscious? In justice to Dr. Jones let it be said that he does not leave us in any doubt as to this: he tells us unequivocally that we must continue our search until we light upon matter that it would be indiscreet to print.

But what has science to do with discretion? Are scientific psychological facts like Coriolanus's wounds, that they can be shown only in private? How are the psychologist and the physician to judge of the truth of the theory if the essential matter, the key to the lapse, is withheld from motives of discretion? Must the student accept the theory on faith? Or must he believe that a sexual motive (perverse or otherwise) lies behind all lapses because in one or two of Dr. Jones's analyses, *e.g.*, that of the peculiarly placed stethoscope, a sexual element is ultimately raked up?

But, assuming for the nonce that a sexual or other indiscreet motive would be hit upon in every analysis of a lapse, why must the analysis be considered complete at this point? and why must that motive be designated "unconscious"? Is a motive "unconscious" because it is embarrassing to confess it? Is the Unconscious made up of nothing but repressed sexuality? or repressed infantilism (which, on analysis, again turns out to be sexuality)? The answers to these questions are, I think, obvious.

And, furthermore, suppose that a conscious sexual motive is operative in the production of a lapse, must we look also for a repressed sexual motive to account for the lapse? And isn't it true that sexual motives may be discovered by an analyst if he encourages a person to associate freely to *any* incident or idea? As a matter of fact, and speaking quite plainly, nothing is easier than this, inasmuch as almost any action (riding, playing, dancing, treading, shooting, ploughing, flying, digging, tapping, sewing, hammering, conversing [crim. con.!), eating, climbing, rejoicing, working, walking, etc.) may be symbolic of coitus, and almost any object a phallic symbol. The number of such symbols is legion.

But has not Dr. Jones (*l.c.*, p. 8) told us that "unconscious" memories are those which cannot be "spontaneously recalled?" There surely ought not to be any difficulty about this if we know what the words "spontaneously recalled" mean. And indeed there would be no difficulty about this if he did not subsequently (*l.c.*, pp. 83, 102) tell us that when, in his analyses of most of the lapses cited by him,—presumably those in which sex was not mentioned—he spoke of "unconscious" motives he was using the word "unconscious" in the popular sense and should have said "preconscious". (What, may we inquire, was there to prevent Dr. Jones from correcting his manuscript before he went to print?) So that the student who reads, for example, that when Jones drew from his pocket the key to his desk as he stood in front of the door to the laboratory it meant that

he would have "unconsciously" preferred to be at home, must translate it into meaning that only pre-consciously would he have preferred to be at home. And if our model student then turns back to page 18 of Jones's book to discover what the "preconscious" means, he finds that preconscious memories are those which are fairly readily and spontaneously recalled and are not sharply marked off from the conscious. If this means anything it means that Jones's desire to be at home was, by his own admission, not unconscious, though he said it was, and that, in fact, it was so near the surface of consciousness that there was no mystery at all about it. The lapse could not then be used, as it was used, to build up a theory of "unconscious" mental processes. We shall say nothing about the scientific value of an inquiry which employs such highly technical terms as "preconscious" and "unconscious" as loosely as Jones does. Freud, it must be mentioned, is not free from the same technical error. It is no wonder, then, that even Herbert Silberer, discussing the psychology of lapses, says (*l.c.*, p. 32): "The thought (wish, impulse) that expresses itself in the teeth of our conscious intention may have any degree of consciousness or subconsciousness. If I have frequently made use of the offhand expression 'the unconscious', I did it in the interests of simplicity, making very free use of this elastic term." The cause or motive for this laxity in the use of language is apparent: with such an elastic terminology one can "prove" anything.*

*"One who has practiced psychoanalysis strictly according to rule for as many years as I have, knows that for the sake of therapeutic success, or in vindication of his theories, the analyst often has to resort to certain subterfuges. That he is sincere in them does not make them any the less subterfuges. The most common of these is the use of words in more than one sense. Thus we find Freud himself using "unconscious" for "instinctive," "foreconscious," "hidden" and "unaware," according to the needs of the occasion. "Repressed" (i.e., forced out of consciousness into the "unconscious") is constantly being used as a synonym for "suppressed" (i.e., concealed from the auditor). "Desire" or "wish" is over and over again substituted for "impulse", "instinct" and "conative trend". When a "desire" cannot possibly be drawn from a patient or dreamer, e.g., where a fear is manifest, he is charged with being a masochist or is told that the hidden desire is that the feared thing may not happen. The word "sexuality" is juggled with almost more than any other word in the psychoanalytic armamentarium. It is usually defined as a kind of erotism, as a something different from the sexual (procreative) impulse, "genitality", but in the end it always turns out to be our old friend—the sexual impulse; and, as a matter of fact, the word ("sexual" or "erotic") is employed solely because of its connotations in the patient's mind. The reduction of a symptom to a sexual manifestation, the invariable Freudian practice, serves to

do away with the symptom only because the patient disapproves or is ashamed of what is "sexual". Another word that lends itself well to this kind of equivocation is the word "libido". Now it means "interest", "desire", then "urge", then "the life impulse" and finally, "the sexual impulse". This is, of course, a tremendous weapon in the analyst's hands,—with its aid he can "sexualize" almost any symptom, especially with the aid of the theory of "erogenous zones". Theoretically we speak of "ego impulses" and of "sexual impulses", but in practice even the most egotistic impulses are interpreted in terms of the libido theory."—Quoted from an essay by the author in *Psyche and Eros*, Vol. 2, pp. 233-234.

One other point and we are through with the superstitious breaking of crockery. We have thus far omitted to mention that Freud speaks of an affective (emotional) proof of the correctness of his interpretations. He says (*Zur Psychopathologie des Alltagslebens*, 7th edition, 1920, p. 203): "The equanimity with which one accepts the resulting damage in all these cases [of breakage] may well lay claim to being proof of the existence of an unconscious [!] purpose in the occurrence."

From this it would follow that persons of a philosophic temperament, normal, non-neurotic persons, who do not indulge in emotional displays, are giving expression to unconscious motives in all they do. And, after all, if we are to be strictly logical, why should we not say—Freud unques-

tionably thinks it—that all our actions, not only accidental ones, are due to unconscious motives? A sexual memory or motive, or some other indiscretion, could undoubtedly be evoked by associating long enough to anything we do or think. And, that being so, humanity ought to be distinguished for its philosophical demeanor and freedom from emotional reactions,—which it obviously is not.

One who is acquainted with the Freudian method of arguing may say: "On the contrary, I should expect an intense emotional reaction, not equanimity, to be significant of an unconscious, shameful motive. How can one deceive oneself better as to one's true motives than by being shocked and greatly disturbed by something one has misdone? Aren't we accustomed to suspect one who 'protests too much'? And in strict harmony with this we find Dr. Jones saying (*l.c.*, p. 45): "*The self-reproach one feels on recollecting the forgotten duty . . . is indicative of the true significance of the occurrence.*" And haven't we heard Prof. Freud say (*l.c.*, p. 32) that a young man who rudely and impatiently represented the interpretation of a slip of the tongue which betrayed an unconscious contempt for his superior was unquestionably guilty because he had no business to "become so rude over a purely theoretical investigation"? Well, well; it's poor logic that doesn't work both ways.

Example 29.—One Friday morning, just after her session with me, Mrs. M., under treatment for an inability to devote herself to the fulfilment of her literary aspirations and for fre-

quently-recurring attacks of a mild degree of depression, left to do her week-end shopping. About three hours later she telephoned she had lost her purse and wanted to know whether she had left it in my office. Next morning I learned that the purse had been recovered in the store where Mrs. M. had bought a silk shirt for her husband. Two days later we tried to discover the "meaning" of the lapse and elicited the following facts:

The purse contained fifty dollars (a much larger sum than Mrs. M. is in the habit of having about her), her keys, the key to a safe deposit vault, the announcement of an engagement, memoranda of various chores (including the purchasing of books), etc. Mrs. M. was loath to do much shopping that day, especially as to the books, and therefore put the trip to the book-store off to the end. She visited several stores on Broadway, several in 42d Street, and in the last one, X Bros., purchased a silk shirt which she did not like, but which her husband had said he wanted. The salesman was a little too persistent in showing a great many more shirts than was necessary and irritated Mrs. M. She walked out of this store, with the shirt done up in a small parcel which exactly fitted her hand, and left her purse on the counter where she had laid it. She dislikes to be clutching her pocketbook while in a store and usually puts it down on the counter, keeping her eyes on it as she moves about examining the merchandise. After leaving the store she decided to visit a friend and not go to the book

store. Then she noticed the loss of her purse, was annoyed by the occurrence, and began to think of the places where she had been. One after the other she visited these places in her quest for the missing purse, but not till after she had telephoned to me did she recall that she had also shopped at X Bros. and ought to go there too. When she recovered the purse it was too late to go book buying and she decided to go home. The idea that she lost her purse so as to have an excuse for not going to the book store being too absurd for serious consideration, we continue our quest.

Mrs. M. was considerably discouraged by her session with me that morning because she felt that she was not getting on fast enough and she feared that I would have no more success in freeing her of her inhibition and curing her of her depressions than Dr. X. (the analyst who had treated her for about six months before me) had had. (Note: this analyst's name is the same as that of the store where the purse was left!) While she was doing her shopping she thought of coming back to me for another hour's session, but abandoned the idea, probably because that would be spending too much money for analysis in one day. Another source of irritation and annoyance that day was a contemplated trip with one of her sisters (with whom she cannot bear to be for more than a few hours at a time) to another sister (four hours by train from New York). Losing the money would not have been an excuse for postponing this trip. This reminds her that her sis-

ter had had her pocket picked as she was about to take the trip for New York to visit her and that Dr. X. had said that that meant she did not want to come to New York. Mrs. M. rejected that interpretation as absurd, but did not argue the matter with him. This morning she feared that she might have left Dr. X's treatment with resistances to psychoanalysis which she had transferred to me and which accounted for her slow progress.—Mrs. M. is not superstitious about Fridays; as a matter of fact, she prides herself on her actions in defiance of popular superstitions. She is too self-assured, too self-reliant and too free from religion to lose her purse as sacrificial atonement for anything in her life, past or present; besides, thoughts of sin had not entered her mind for a single moment that day. It is also worth mentioning that Mrs. M.'s younger sister had lost her keys in one of the stores a few weeks before and had recovered them; so that it might be said that Mrs. M. knew it might be safe to lose her purse, if she had been playing at losing it.

With these facts in our possession, let us attempt an interpretation of the lapse.

1. She might have wished to lose the purse as an excuse for getting a new one. In answer to this it is sufficient to say that the purse was new, was in good condition, and wholly to her liking, and that she had no desire for a new purse. (Freudians may derive a crumb of comfort from the fact that this purse, with sixty dollars in it, was lost a month or two later—in an

- automobile collision to which Mrs. M. in no way contributed.)
2. She wished to get rid of the purse because it had been given her by someone she now wished to forget. But, as a matter of fact, she had purchased it herself.
 3. She wished to go back to X. Bros., perhaps to converse (!) with the salesman. But that gentleman had not attracted her in the least; his persistence had annoyed her.
 4. She wished for an excuse not to take the trip with her sister. It is true she hates preparing for journeys and is not happy long in this sister's presence. But she did take the trip.
 5. She wanted an excuse not to go to the book store. We answer this by saying she did not need such an excuse if she did not want to go there; furthermore, the purse did not contain the list of books that she wanted and that would have been a sufficiently good reason for not going to the book store. Fifty dollars and more is too big a price for a selfish Unconscious to pay for getting out of a minor chore. On discovering her loss, she did think, "Now I can't go to the book store."
 6. She wished to punish her husband for his bad taste in shirts by losing so much money and making the shirt so costly. This is too absurd for serious consideration; after all, he is the one to wear the shirt, and it is a matter of principle with her to let him choose for himself (so that she may choose for herself).
 7. She is masochistic and seeks means of suffering. Answer: she was "annoyed" but did not suffer acutely, and, moreover, she is not masochistic.
 8. She wished to find out whether I would "interpret" the loss of her purse as absurdly and arbitrarily as Dr. X had interpreted the theft of her sister's purse. This is not an impossible solution, but there is no reason why such a motive should have been "unconscious" or "repressed": it's quite fit to print and there is nothing indiscreet in its publication, and there is nothing sexual or perverse about it. Besides, another occasion, when the purse contained less money, would have answered just as well. But what militates against this interpretation is the fact that she had enough confidence in me to want to come back for another session that day. And this above all: it had not occurred to her that I might want to analyse the lapse.
 9. X. Brox. "unconsciously" reminded her of Dr. X. and of the money Dr. X. had cost her. Just as she was paying money for a shirt she did not like, so she had paid Dr. X. money for analysis she did not think much of. This explanation, which I offered very tentatively and hesitatingly out of a regard for professional ethics, elicited a merry little laugh from the patient and a confession that this interpretation had also occurred to her and her husband, but they did not take it seriously inasmuch as the shirt was good

value for the money, and the transaction could not be called a loss.

10. The name X. suggested Dr. X. and waste of money for analysis; this suggested analysis by me and further waste of money (she was dissatisfied with that day's session). So that losing her purse then might mean that in being analysed by me she was throwing good money after bad. Her desire for a second session excludes this interpretation.

Other, fantastic psycho-analytic solutions suggest themselves, *e.g.*, a store is a symbol for a brothel; a purse is a symbol for herself, the most precious part of herself (her love), or (by the law of ambivalence) for male love; to lose is a symbol for finding, etc. But this way madness lies.

What then was the explanation for Mrs. M.'s losing her purse and her money that Friday? Simply this: she went out of the store with a small parcel which fitted her hand exactly as the purse had when she went in. The muscular sense, the feeling of something in her hand, was the same when she left the store as when she went into it. That her mind was not alert, that she was in a sort of hypnoid or semi-trance state, was due to the numerous irritations (annoyances) to which she was subjected that day. Persons who are alert, *i.e.*, wide awake to the realities surrounding them and not pre-occupied, quickly become cognizant of slight changes in their physical sensations and thus at once notice that they have left something behind them or

taken something along that they should not.

Example 36.—Not long ago I had occasion one morning to take a patient, to whom I had been summoned in great haste, to a jeweler's shop to have a ring removed from a swollen finger. As soon as the job was finished and paid for I hurried the sufferer to my office to apply a surgical dressing. I had hardly gone out of the store when I noticed that in my haste I had left behind my copy of *The Journal of Abnormal Psychology*, which I had laid on the counter while watching and directing the jeweler's operations. Why? Not because I wished to return to the store or to impress the jeweler with my learning, nor to lose the worthy periodical or to manifest the esteem in which I held it. My eagerness to get to my office translated itself into a hasty exit. I did not think of the magazine because I am not accustomed to having a book or periodical with me when answering an emergency call; but this morning I was so burdened because the patient lived at some distance from my office and had sent his automobile for me. I noticed the loss of the periodical as soon as I became aware of the fact that the muscular sensation in my hand was not what it had been when I went into the store, and that I was not doing something I had been doing before, *viz.*: guarding my journal against loss. Or, perhaps, that I was automatically sending out nerve impulses to the muscles of my hand to clasp the journal and suddenly noticed I was doing something unnecessary inasmuch as I had no journal in my hand. Mental processes

of this kind are undoubtedly constant accompaniments of our mental life although they have thus far received almost absolutely no consideration. So, for example, we tell ourselves, "I must not forget to do so and so at such and such a time", and when the time comes we remember to do as we had resolved, although during the interval we may not have thought of the matter at all or thought of it and dismissed it for the time being. In these cases a part of our mental processes has been set aside for the assigned task, somewhat like a clock that's set to go off at a certain time or a machine that's set to do a specific thing when certain conditions are fulfilled. In the case of the mind these conditions, which liberate an intended but restrained action, are supplied by certain associations, *e.g.*, when I pass a letter box I am reminded of the letter in my pocket, when I hear the clock strike three I must telephone my brother, etc. So when I tell myself not to lose my magazine, I set my muscular sense to watch. That explains how Mrs. M. lost her purse: she relied on her muscular sense—and that, owing to her purchase, was the same after as before the loss of the purse.

But, we hear Professor Freud say (*vide "Zur Psychopathologie,"* ed., 1920, p. 197): "if haste was the motive for the lapse why did it not rather cause you to do the right thing instead of the wrong thing which made you lose time?" As this was undoubtedly intended as a serious argument by a seriousminded person, we must examine it seriously. We would prefer to say nothing about the

erroneous use of the word "motive" for "cause" if it were not for its serious implications. This misuse of the word lies at the very root of the weakness inherent in Freud's whole philosophy; it implies a motive where there may be none; in other words, it takes for granted the very thing he sets out to prove,—the conclusion has been smuggled into the premise.

With Freud it is a foregone conclusion that what he calls lapses in psychic functioning are the manifestations of the wide-awake and impish mannikin which he calls "the Unconscious". Because of this he never stops to investigate whether these lapses may not have been produced by other causes. Thus, for example, in reporting the incident of his hurriedly snatching from his table the tuning fork instead of the plexor (a little hammer) as he was rushing out to call on a patient in a nearby town, he tells us none of the details as to the arrangement of the articles on his desk or as to what was in his mind at the time. Instead, he at once plunges into a chain of free associations. Pursuing this auto-analysis a certain distance, he comes to the conclusion that in the mis-take his Unconscious warns him not to be a "Chammer" (a Hebrew word meaning "donkey"), *i.e.*, not to make an incorrect diagnosis, as he had done on a previous trip to that town. I take it that the conscious Freud would have issued that warning to himself even without the assistance of his overworked Unconscious, especially as he knew (from the attending physician's letter) that the prospective patient had fallen from a balcony and

injured her spine and that the question at issue was whether the woman had a lesion of the spinal cord or was suffering from traumatic neurasthenia.

Is it possible to explain Freud's mis-seizure by another theory than the unconscious purpose? Fortunately he supplies sufficient data to enable us to answer this question affirmatively. A few days before the occurrence of the lapse an idiotic child had been playing with the tuning fork. We are also told that the child had been the last one to handle the instrument. On the basis of these facts I think it not impossible that when the tuning fork was put back on the Doctor's desk it was not placed in its usual position; that, in fact, the plexor and the tuning fork had been transposed. And when Dr. Freud hurriedly made a grab for the plexor he snatched the tuning fork which now occupied the position of the plexor. Owing to his haste, the Doctor's attention was not on his sense impressions and consequently he did not at once notice his error.

Freud loves arguing by analogy. Though we consider this a dangerous method to be employed in a scientific inquiry, we shall imitate him in it in answering his inquiry why haste had not caused him to pick the right object instead of the wrong one, seeing that by picking the wrong one he lost time. If a locomotive engineer, intent on taking his train to its destination, should fail to see a danger signal (because his attention had been attracted to something in the opposite direction or because he had fallen asleep) and wreck his train, would there be any sense or logic in asking why he frustrated his purpose when

he could have brought his train to its proper destination if he had looked in the right direction or had kept awake? Of course not. Freud was in the position of our imaginary engineer: his mind was probably intent on catching his train, on the necessity for caution in making his diagnosis, etc., when he hurriedly put his hand out toward the spot on his desk where the plexor should have been but where it was not (owing to the idiotic child's handling of it). Had Professor Freud looked to see what he was doing, instead of relying on his memory, he would not have made the mistake. Not haste but the other circumstances were responsible for his error, and he errs in directing his and our attention solely to the element of haste.

In connection with the above incident and Professor Freud's analysis of it, it must be noted that here again his Unconscious, which he has told us is wordless, languageless, takes advantage of the resemblances between a German word ("Hammer") and a Hebrew word ("Chammer") to bring about a lapse in psychic functioning. Isn't it evident that with a sufficient amount of ingenuity and with several languages at one's command, one can, by this sort of a technique, twist any incident into meaning almost anything in the wide world?

We may perhaps be permitted to ask what would have been the value or function of Freud's mistake if he had not been a psychoanalyst? In other words, how could an Unconscious have evolved in the course of the ages if humanity had no cognizance of it and did not apply it in meeting

the stern realities of its conscious life?

Even if we were willing to admit that the mistake might have had a meaning, there is no means of proving that Freud's was the only interpretation possible. In fact, we can offer several alternative explanations, *e.g.*, that the Unconscious said to him: "You don't need the hammer; you are not a Chammer; you have learned so much since you made that unfortunate diagnosis and prognosis that you won't make another mistake now;" or, "You had better take the tuning fork and keep your ears open,—you may learn something;" or, "The tuning fork is a much more impressive instrument than the plexor; so take that with you;" or, "Don't take the unnecessary plexor; use your fingers instead. Take the tuning fork rather,—you may find it of greater service in examining a difficult neurological case," etc. As a matter of fact, Freud probably interpreted his mistake as a warning against a hasty diagnosis because when he made his mis-take he was thinking, consciously, of the necessity to be very careful in his examination of the patient. Had he then seized the hammer ("Chammer"!) instead of the tuning fork, there would be some plausibility in his linking up his mis-take with the idea then occupying his mind. But considering the facts as they really were, we are convinced that an unconscious realization of the need to be cautious did not stand in a causal relationship to the mis-take, and that Professor Freud interpreted the error as he did only because of his allegiance to a theory.

Discussing the subject of the mis-

laying of objects, Jones (*l.c.*, p. 79) says, without the slightest particle of evidence to justify it, that "One can almost measure the success with which a physician is practising psychotherapy, by the size of the collection of umbrellas, handkerchiefs, purses, and so on, that he could make in a month." Freud quotes this sentence from Jones with approval although even a little reflection would convince any one that the exact opposite is the truth. The patients' forgetting of their portable property is an evidence of the distracting effect the treatment has on them, of the analyst's failure to get the patients to act in accordance with realities. I have not found that I got the best results with patients who had the habit of leaving things behind them. And I have found, besides, that the patients who left things behind them in my office were just as likely to leave their bags, books, parcels, and cigarette cases in the train, in the restaurant, etc. The reason for the forgetting must be investigated in each individual case: no formula fits all cases.

Example 37.—A few years ago I made an attempt at writing a play but was wise enough to lay the manuscript away where it was safe from prying eyes. One night two years ago, my friend Professor G., then only a recent acquaintance, called and coaxed me to read him my play before he read me his. I objected and argued, but he was insistent. Finally I began to look for the manuscript but could not find it, though I hunted for it everywhere. Several times I opened one special drawer in my desk, each time taking out a lot of papers

and saying "it ought to be here,"—but it was not there. After a while I gave up the search and Professor G. read his play. Next morning I resumed the search and found my manuscript just where I said it ought to be. So that it had really not been mislaid. The analyst will say that I had an unconscious desire not to find the manuscript. The truth is, however, that I consciously did not wish to find it, that I made only a half-hearted search for it; that when I partially emptied the drawer which contained it, I did not go to the bottom of the drawer. And why did I not wish to let my new acquaintance hear my amateurish dramatic attempt? For two reasons: he was a puritanical Professor of English literature and I could not expect him to approve either of my dramaturgy or of my views, and, secondly, I wanted to get a taste of his quality before I exposed myself to his criticism.

IX.

A fundamental concept in the Freudian philosophy or psychology—or, perhaps, "movement" (as some of its adherents call it)—, a concept of no less importance than the asserted "law of psychic determinism", is the theory of repression. By repression—a term which must not be confounded with "suppression"—is meant, in Jones's words, "the keeping of certain mental processes from consciousness" (*l.c.*, p. 42). An impulse or desire which has been repressed—a process which goes on without the knowledge of the ego—is not enacted as such, is not deprived of its energy, but is put beyond the reach of conscious memory and can find expres-

sion only in neurotic symptoms, in dreams, in psychoses and in lapses. Such is the theory. Jones, in his enthusiasm, defines it as a "biological defence-mechanism, the function of which is to guard the mind *from painful experiences*." Freud would undoubtedly prefer to say "to guard the mind *from the recollection of painful experiences and ideas*."

Repression, then, is, according to Freud, at the bottom of forgetting. In other words, the forgetting of past experiences and ideas is not, as we have been in the habit of thinking, a purely passive process, but a decidedly active function of the mind, as important to the individual as remembering. The psychoanalysts stress the point that this active forgetting relates to painful experiences, and especially to such as they call "internal, extremely intimate, and personal mental processes" (*i.e.*, those not known to the world), but Jones (*l.c.*, p. 119) drives the theory further and says that repression plays a role in *all* our forgetting and has an "utilitarian" (as opposed to an hedonic) function, notwithstanding the fact that he more than once says, echoing Freud, that in addition to the other causes for forgetting there is a forgetting due to repression, thus clearly implying that there is a forgetting not due to repression. To the best of our knowledge, no analyst has yet accepted Jones's extension of the repression concept and all still adhere to the significance of the painful element. But the reader who has followed our argument carefully will recollect that Freud is not consistent in what he says about forgetting, that

what he contributes to psychology with one hand he takes back with the other, and that his practice does not square with his words.

"That unpleasant impressions are easily forgotten is an indubitable fact," says Freud (*l.c.*, p.56). But he is in error; the pleasantness or unpleasantness of an experience is not the factor which determines the degree of intensity or the ease with which an experience or sensation may be recalled. In all likelihood the deciding factors are the vividness of the experiences, their affectivity, their duration, the number of ideas with which they get linked up and the amount of interest the individual gives them. Pleasant impressions are forgotten no less readily than unpleasant ones, probably even more readily. It has been well said that it is the painful things in life that constitute "experience," for it is our painful experiences that deter us from freely surrendering ourselves to the gratification of our desires. The fear of consequences is a more potent factor in human life than the anticipation of rewards. Painful memories have, therefore, a utilitarian function of the first importance, and it would be a contradiction in nature for such memories to be repressed even sooner than the memories of neutral or pleasant experiences. Unpleasant experiences, *e.g.*, personal slights, affronts, humiliations, defeats, probably stamp themselves more deeply upon the mind than the pleasant experiences, *e.g.*, being flattered, succeeding, triumphing, etc., because they (*i.e.*, the former) almost invariably lead to plans or actions of some sort, whereas the latter need not

do so. There is profound truth in Stephen Phillips's words:

"Out of our sadness have we made
this world

So beautiful." (*Marpessa*.)

And Romain Rolland beautifully says: "Through sorrow alone do we learn those things which outlast the centuries and are stronger than death."

In putting forward his ideas, Freud occasionally resorts to some such argument as this: 'After all, what I am saying is not new; the great So-and-so said the same thing long ago.' Thus, for example, while discussing the suggestibility of crowds, he attempts to justify his libido theory (*Massenpsychologie u. Ich-Analyse*, 1921, p. 43) by saying that, after all, there is nothing new in his use of the word "libido" for all varieties of love, inasmuch as the philosopher Plato had used the word "eros" in exactly the same way. So now (*Introduction*, p. 56), in attempting to prove his theory that forgetting is due to a "tendency to keep unpleasantness from recollection," he summons to his aid one of the greatest scientists of the nineteenth century. "The great Darwin," says he, "was so struck by it [*i.e.*, that "unpleasant impressions are easily forgotten"] that he made the 'golden rule' for himself of writing down with particular care observations which seemed unfavorable to his theory, since he had convinced himself that they were *just the ones which would not stick to his memory*."

Had Darwin really said this it would undoubtedly constitute important evidence in favor of Freud's

theory. But Darwin was too good an observer to make such a statement. If the reader will turn to Francis Darwin's *Life of Charles Darwin*, 1902, p. 42, he will find that the great expounder of the evolutionary theory said only that he "had found by experience that such facts and thoughts [as were opposed to his general results] were *far more apt* to escape from the memory than favorable ones." In other words, Darwin knew that even facts favorable to his theory would escape his memory if he did not note them down. And that is, of course, the truth. All writers and students know that their memories cannot be trusted even as to ideas that they have carefully worked out in their minds and with which they are perfectly satisfied.

Freud has misquoted Darwin. Why he did so, it is not difficult to conjecture,—the wish was father to the thought. The psychoanalyst will, of course, say that Freud had no intention to deceive the reader, and that the misquotation represents a lapse in psychic functioning which proves the theory of the unconscious wish. To us, however, it proves only that, owing to his excessive zeal, Freud did not exercise the caution required of a scientist and that psychoanalysis does not necessarily free one even from so superficial a "complex" as scientific bias.

Freud is not aware that his "principle of defense against unpleasant recollections by means of forgetting" is open to the objection, urged by many, "that the painful is hard to forget, inasmuch as it always comes back to mind to torture the person

against his will." He answers this (*l.c.*, p. 57) by admitting the correctness of the fact and pointing out that "the psychic life is the arena of the struggles and exercises of antagonistic tendencies, . . . consists of contradictions and paired antagonisms It depends only on how the opposites react upon each other, what effects will proceed from the one and what from the other." If this means that the mind is a battleground for a conflict between a desire to forget and a desire to remember painful impressions, we do not see how this helps the theory of repression. One cannot logically prove the correctness of one questioned theory by appealing to another questioned theory, and there certainly is no evidence to show that a desire to remember painful impressions is one of the essential characteristics of the mind. Furthermore, Freud has never asserted it.

Jones (*l.c.*, p. 43) answers the imaginary objector thus: "In the first place, such disagreeable haunting memories are frequently themselves only the replacements of buried and still more disagreeable ones with which they are associated In the second place, the capacity to forget painful experiences is only of a certain strength, which differs greatly in different people, and it is not always successful in achieving its aim. . . . What happens is that trivial memories, which by association might serve *unnecessarily* to remind us of the painful event, are apt to get forgotten;— . . . the tide of amnesia covers the base of the hill, but cannot reach the summit. By this means an economy is effected in the number of times that

the painful memory is recalled to consciousness."

It is a sufficient reply to Jones's first statement to say that, notwithstanding the loophole he has left himself in the use of the word "frequently", it is not true. An unpleasant and humiliating experience is especially apt to recur to a person's memory if he has not disposed of the matter to his satisfaction, either because he could not retaliate an insult, atone for the wrong committed, set himself right with the public, justify himself in his own eyes, recover the esteem of those he loves, etc.,—in other words, if there was no adequate "catharsis". (That such unwished remembering is sometimes of service to the individual, *e.g.*, to prevent him from committing a similar error or getting himself into a similar situation as that which occasioned the painful memory, is beside the point and has no bearing on the matter now under discussion.) That the capacity to forget painful experiences (ideas, wishes) varies in different individuals is a statement for which we have absolutely no proof and which, even if it could be established, would in no way tend to prove the correctness of the repression theory, for it can—no doubt with equal truth—be said that people vary as to their ability to forget pleasant experiences. "Trivial memories" associated with unpleasant experiences are forgotten precisely because they are trivial, *i.e.*, unimportant, not because they might, by the process of association, occasionally remind us of the painful event. That this is true is proved by the fact that the trivial memories associated with the happiest

events in our lives, *e.g.*, the name of the minister who married us, the name of the physician who brought our first baby, etc., may be forgotten just as effectually as those associated with the most unhappy ones.

It is a curious fact that no psychoanalyst has been struck with the perfectly obvious thought that there is no more reason for the assumption that repression is essential to the forgetting of painful ideas than of pleasant ones. If pleasant memories can be forgotten without repression, why may not painful ones also be forgotten without repression? And if repression is not the essential fact in the forgetting of painful experiences, what becomes of the whole psychoanalytic theory? The psychoanalyst may, of course, try to escape from this dilemma by saying that pleasant memories are also repressed. But this is an impossible escape because the theory is rooted in the assumption that certain ideas are eliminated from the Conscious, through the Foreconscious, into the Unconscious because they are painful to the ego, objectionable to the censure, and this cannot be said of pleasant memories. If repression is not essential to the forgetting of pleasant memories, it is not necessary to the forgetting of painful ones.

But is it not possible, the reader may ask, that pleasant memories *are* repressed, and that they are repressed because unpleasant memories of one sort or another are directly or indirectly associated with them? If that were true, we ought to be capable of remembering nothing, for there probably is nothing in our lives that is not directly or indirectly, more or less re-

motely, associated with something painful. Besides, it would be just as fair and just as logical to argue that painful memories ought not to be subject to repression, inasmuch as more or less remotely pleasant experiences were surely associated with them. Only too often, alas! our greatest pains emanate from or are the aftermath of our greatest joys.

According to the strictly orthodox theory a painful memory which cannot be forgotten is a "covering mem-

ory" for a more painful memory in the Unconscious. The "covering memory" guards the individual against experiencing pain from the remembrance of a more painful experience. And because of this, repression is said to be "a biological defence-mechanism". But if nature is so kind to us, so anxious to spare our feelings, and if we must remember, why do we not use pleasant memories, instead of painful ones, as "covering memories"?

(To be Continued)

Sociology, Politics and Psycho-Analysis

By Herbert Silberer, Vienna

Psycho-analysis had its origin in the study of the psyche of individual human beings. For a long time after it turned its attention to the study of mass-phenomena it devoted itself solely to the study of such dream-like phenomena as myths and fairy tales or to the study of religions and superstitions. It is comparatively new phenomenon to see it applied to the study of sociology and politics. That this was going to happen might have been foreseen by one who saw the germs of it in Freud's studies of the psychic life of primitive peoples (published in his book, *Totem and Taboo*). These hints of his play an important rôle in all the recent books dealing with this subject, especially in Dr. Emil Lorenz's *Der politische Mythos* ["The Political Myth, Problems and Preliminary Communications", in "Imago", 1920], Dr. Paul Federn's pamphlet *Zur Psychologie der Revolution; Die Vaterlose Gesellschaft* ["The Psychology of the Revolution; the Fatherless State", 1920], and in A. Kolnai's little book *Psychanalyse u. Soziologie* ("Psycho-analysis and Sociology", 1920).

Freud has taught us to appreciate the tremendous significance of the Unconscious in all processes involving the psyche. Not the obvious and superficial causes and motives of the Conscious, but the frequently much more powerful, secret, unknown inciters; psychoanalysis ferrets out not the rational but the irrational, emotional roots of

phenomena, and especially of the pathological and normal phenomena experienced by individuals as well as by humanity as revealed in folk-psychology.

At the heart of the secret inciters we find, immutable and decisive as a compass, those emotional complexes which possess the child in its contacts with its earliest environment: the ego in its relationship to its parents, contacts amazingly permeated with erotism. This early ego—and world—scheme is deeply rooted in us and never ceases to exert its influence, to operate from the depths of the Unconscious in which the indestructible "imagines" (so-called after Spittler's romance, "Imago"), the mother and the father images with their investment of images of titanic passions and conflicts. Oedipus who slew his father and married his mother—lives in all of us. (In making this assertion we are thinking only of the male individual. [In the female the corresponding motif is called "the Electra-complex" by some.]) But the Oedipus-complex dominates not only individual man, for it may be beautifully shown, surprising as it may sound, that this complex has many effective offshoots in the folk-psyche, above all in the products of the folk's free fantasies, *e. g.*, in their myths, sagas, witchcraft beliefs, etc., all of which correspond in many of their details to the dreams of the individual. But the history of civilization offers even more matter for the psycho-analyst; problems

concerning primitive man seem to be solved by him, e. g., the totemism which we find at the first beginnings of religion,—the inexplicable worship of an animal or some other being as ancestor or protective sire, with the solemn consumption of this totem (the totem meal) and other exteremly remarkable customs and laws, among which we must include the strict injunction to exogamy which does not permit members of the same totem family (which is inherited through the father, not through the mother) to intermarry! Freud's genial insight showed this phenomenon to be one with the deductions which Darwin made concerning man's first social condition from his observations of higher apes and other animals and which Atkinson elaborated in his "Primal Law." And he reached an hypothesis which Federn happily summarizes thus:

The first form of human society was that of a herd which was dominated by the undivided and supreme power of a father. The women and the brothers belonged to him. This supremacy was sanctified by a system of primitive superstitions, the nucleus of subsequent religions, and was maintained by the superior power of the father-chieftain. Maturing sons who would not submit were put to death at first; at a later period they were driven out of the community. Such a tyrant-father did not meet with a gentle end. When his power waned, or when the mutual hatred of the disfranchised and expelled sons caused them to unite against him in a common cause, the brother-herd attacked and besieged the father and there followed—as long as cannibalism was still sanctified by a superstitious compulsion—a feast of victory which was in-

dulged in also as a means of transmitting to the victors the mysterious and magical power of the father. After the assassination these brother-herds suffered from remorse. They were not happy; quarrels about the women and property broke out among them until the one who proved the strongest carried away the victory and with it domination of the herd. Thus it went on for many generations until the significant turning point in the history of civilization came when these brother-herds no longer united for the purpose of murdering their father, but, after removing the tyrant, remained as an organization of sons ruled over by a father chosen by agreement. Then it was no longer necessary to murder fathers, and large communities were organized with a chieftain at their head. But the ancient cruelties which had been thus eliminated were retained in the shape of symbols and ceremonies in the common totem-meal, in the deification of the father in the totem-worship, in customs whose elaboration we find in ancient tragedy and in religious sacrifices. But in the soul of even primitive man there remained the dual attitude towards the father: a hatred inhibited by a sense of guilt and a love filled with fear. To this very day, there is in the child's soul, beside the worship of the father, a remnant of the old hatred, the old spite and the old sense of guilt. Just as barriers were erected against wanting his wives (mother-incest), and thus may the laws about exogamy have come into existence.

It must be borne in mind that this picture, drawn for us by Freud, is an hypothesis, even though one that elegantly fulfills the requirements of an "as if." And it is not an empty hypothesis; the question is only how much of what we

discover to be a psychic reality had fused itself into actual reality and whether the succession of events was as the hypothesis would have us believe it was. Freud himself pointed out, even if only in a footnote, this uncertainty which, alas, is too often forgotten. "The indefiniteness, the chronological abridgement and the compression of the data", as he designates it, falls into the category of the sources of error which I described in my book, *"The Problems of Mysticism"*, as "the error of covering over." I would like to see analysts take to heart the possibility of this "error of covering over" in cases where layer-images seem to fuse into one and to favor the projection of a composite image.

Dr. Lorenz, whose pre-eminently program like work heads our list, sticks to the dream language of the "Unconscious", i. e., in folk psychology and myths, and proves, by means of examples, the relationship between political occurrences and the father-and mother-symbolism. Profound consideration of the subject cannot escape the conclusion that political upheavals—and, ultimately all occurrences in the history of mankind—cannot be adequately explained by the manifest external conditions nor by the reasonable grounds for the political occurrences, no matter how loudly these are asserted or how acceptable they may seem to the understanding which loves uncomplicated matters. To a very large extent, on the contrary, irrational emotional factors are the active driving forces, and occasionally they are so dominant that they bring about that for which the rational explanation is only, as it were, a framework and to a certain extent the subsequent justification required by the critical mind.

Psychologically the matter may stand thus: these immeasurable and non-calculable forces exert their influence in large part from the Unconscious of mankind. The rational causes for these processes are conscious reflections on the part of the intellect; they subserve a purpose which determines the manifest agreements and considerations. Not so the non-rational factors; they bring about surprises; they impart a mysterious compelling force to the great upheavals, urge eruptively to action, or in some mysterious way serve to inhibit actions which from a rational viewpoint would appear to be unmistakably necessary. From what darkness do these forces come and what is their relationship to the other forces? A sound political psychology ought to be able to answer these questions. One must bear in mind that one is dealing with manifestations of life in a political community, i. e., with processes involving human beings, with actions, deeds, and their motives, i. e., with things of the soul. Owing to the peculiar nature of political life whose manifest (obvious) aim is, to say the least, a striving for power, it seems to be out of the question that mere surface knowledge would be made the basis for action. We must resolutely face the fact that here, too, we will encounter in peculiar form the emotional factors which we find operative in other phases of the psychic life. It must be borne in mind also that the motives and the emotions operating in and with them, as everywhere else in the psychic life, may be either conscious, obvious to sense, and therefore adapted to reality, at least in intention, or unconscious, i. e., based upon the infantile pleasure-principle and therefore not adapted to reality. The latter might

also be designated as motives "foreign to reality." Concerning their efficacy it may be said that they owe their power to their inaccessibility. They are the non-rational, the totality of what practical politics designs, in Bismarck's phrase, as "the imponderables."

One of the chief points in Lorenz's work is the linking up of the authoritative and the social factors (which according to Menzel are the two constructive elements in the upbuilding of the State) with the mighty primary "father" and "mother" principles which appear in the commonweal as the "ruler" and "mother earth"; a rich symbolism in mythology and in saga-saturated history gives an inkling of the intimacy of the connection between the personal and the external relations and betrays mysterious dynamism which, deriving its power from unquenchable inner sources, acts upon the environment. But myths and the symbolism of fiction are the language that gives utterance to the otherwise silent Unconscious. In such speech the phenomenon of revolution against the sovereignty of one person frequently appears in the image of "woman earth" being freed from a tyrant's slavery; the heroic liberator takes on the shape of a son. The symbol "woman" is, of course, not exhausted when it is interpreted as "the earth." The analysis of illustrative examples would lead us too far from our immediate subject, but we may refer to the legend of L. Junius Brutus (*Livius*, I:56-57) in which mother Earth's kiss, Lucrece's rape and the liberation of Rome from royal rule united the essential traits, of course not without a frequent "displacement" of motives. Lorenz refers to the typical symbols, among others in many of Schiller's

dramas, as well as in the story of William Tell. Here and there one gets glimpses of the not altogether well-founded ideas of Blucher as to the "typus inversus" of man-masculine erotism, for the purpose of explaining partly the confluence of primitive male-groups, and partly the subsequent love for the male hero or ruler.

Whereas Lorenz deals only in large generalities, Federn and Kolnai attack definitely the political upheavals that we have recently witnessed and attempt to lay bare analytically the impelling political forces (as far as these are, in Lorenz's expression, "foreign to reality"). As we shall soon show, they reach opposite conclusions.

Federn's fundamental idea appears in his assertion concerning the bipolar attitude toward the ruling power (monarch, magistracy) and the similar bipolar relationship of the son to the father, the latter being probably more than merely the prototype for the former; for, the universal human conflicts in the father-son relationship, as ceaselessly active elementary forces, participate pre-eminently in political occurrences. The aforementioned bi-polarity (the reader will recall the brother herd) has its origin in the child's soul inasmuch as the at first omnipotent, omniscient, etc., "father" must gradually be revised in the light of his subsequently-discovered shortcomings and gets to be looked upon as a hostile rival. And thus there arises an antagonism between love, respect and obedience, on the one hand, and the exact opposites of these qualities, on the other, the latter of which being for the most part repressed out of consciousness. But notwithstanding this inner transformation, the maturing human being clings

to the primary image of the splendid superhuman father, but is constantly overlaying it with new religious and political figures. The love of rule, discipline, etc., and their counterparts are connected with this inner mechanism. The external upheavals derive their uncanny power from within, inasmuch as unloosed impulses for destruction and mutiny break out with volcanic force. The hitherto accepted social order which has, to some extent, a sort of pyramidal structure, with a central guide for its apex, might be designated as "patriarchal" insofar as in the psychic culture of every individual it has its foundation in the family controlled by the father. A complete overthrow of this "patriarchal" order would, to a certain extent, result in what on the surface would appear like a fraternal (brother) organization which seems still to lack a psychic-cultural basis.

A striking paragraph is the following, which Federn appends to his consideration of the tragic father-son relationship: "There slumbers within us, also as the result of heredity, even though of a lesser intensity than the filial emotion, a second principle, viz.: that of fraternalism, whose psychic motive is not hereditarily tainted with inner guilt and inner compulsion. It would be a tremendous liberation if the present revolution, which is a repetition of the ancient primitive revolts against the father, were successful. The soul of humanity might possibly become more beautiful and the parricidal feature disappear from its face."

At this point the spirits part. Kolnai looks upon the forcible liberation from parental authority not as an advance, but as a regression. A regression into a

still earlier, more undifferentiated primitive state than that horde into which paternal guidance had already brought a certain measure of order and solidarity, i.e., a certain degree of social progress; a giving up of an already acquired organization and a flight into the undifferentiated equality of all human beings in the maternal lap, from father to mother. "Mother" thus being given a very pregnant signification,—in the sense of the mother-*imago* of the individual as the primary condition of humanity. We need only casually refer to the priority of matriarchy (government based on mother-right). The revolution may therefore be looked at as a "regression" from a viewpoint which psychoanalysis has abundantly studied in individuals and in races as a reversion to a primitive form of thought and conduct. It is these regression-phenomena which constitute the best tool for the psychoanalytic observation of "unconscious" impulses; let us refer to dreams and to neurotic fantasies; how they take leave of the highly developed adaptation to reality and open up the gates of the Unconscious. Social regressions resemble them in these respects. And more especially in this that they tend to a certain state of undifferentiated rawness; the Unconscious of mankind is much more uniform than his Conscious; the species speaks through it, sometimes to the obliteration of the individual; the social regression also gives up the individual organization and tends towards a structurally oblitative uniformity.

Kolnai carries this parallel so far that he finds, e.g., decidedly pathological manifestations in communism, reminding him of paranoid mechanisms, among others the following: the fantasy of

being the Savior; the motif of saving the world through some inferior person, the stupid hero of fairy tales (in this case the proletariat); a delusional greatness in the belief in a reformatory omnipotence; an exclusive emphasis of the ego which is, however, projected upon an impersonal Moloch, to wit, economic management; the psychic significance of the machine; an early "disturbance of the ego" in the proletariat; delusions of persecution; the exploitation of the proletariat by the bourgeoisie are caricatured to such an extent that all state institutions, religions, moral codes, even prevalent scientific tendencies, are simply discarded en bloc as so many tools with which to exploit the multitude; the concealing of the inner irrationality by a too rigid rationalistic system in the guise of a science; an acute dialecticism; a shutting themselves off from the rest of the world; a dogmatic clinging to their doctrines, and an uncritical, scornful scepticism in the presence of those who think differently

According to Kolnai communism is not the social regression which is the most remote from reality; that distinction belongs, he says, to anarchism. Of course both, communism and anarchism, are a revolt against father-power, no matter how sublimated, undespotic or democratic this may be; it doesn't matter what it is but it must be exterminated. An archaic hatred, thoroughly irrational, breaks forth from the Unconscious. . . Anarchism wants only to bring about a tabula rasa, an extreme regression into primitive chaos, into the uterus of evolution. Communism is more methodical, quasi scientific; it seeks support from realities and thus deceptively covers up its true promptings which are in es-

sence just as primitively regressive. It is characteristic of communism that it inclines, according to Kolnai, to appropriate the disputed despotic father-idea for its own use. It aims to replace a sublimated objectiveness of the father-image by something of inferior value. Kolnai recounts a little episode: "After the proclamation of the republic, I complained to a friend in Budapest who had always been somewhat progressive and who had for some time been a communist, that the liberty we had won by the revolution seemed to be going to destruction; all criticism of the measure taken by the new regime is strictly forbidden; in amazement my friend looked at me and said: "Why, what criticism have you to make of the measures of the new regime?!" Communism expresses a preference for that motive which anarchism emphasizes merely as an essential, but available condition for its cognizance of individual interests," i.e., a primitive principle in contrast to the progressive "organic solidarity" which is based on evolved differentiation. A great measure of certain quanta, among which we may include the volume of society, technical and cultural acquisitions, etc., stand in ruinous contrast to the crude "mechanical solidarity" of communism. But the elevation of man is to be judged not by the quanta of his means, but by the light of his social organization." The result is a picture somewhat like that of a child directing a super-dreadnought.

Bolshevism (Leninism) moves on a feudalistic line midway between the "forthright regression" of anarchism and the "paranoid" regression of Marxian socialism. This path was determined for it by the conditions resulting

from the late war which evoked a regression into feudalism alongside of the corresponding counter-phenomena. It is characteristic of Bolshevism too that it ascribes the older, despotic father-principle to the progressive, regulative and organizing form of this principle. To let its new fatherly Caesarism reign undisturbed it excludes from the community those who had hitherto been 'fathers' (the capitalists) and also those who were neither typical 'fathers' nor 'sons', i.e., the merchants. The regulation into the background of all essential, individual and national differences, the secondary, enforced and all-swallowing extension of the "class idea" plastically illuminate the great regression which even availed itself to such an extent of the elements entering into reality. The rejection of the family similarly points to a libido-concentration in the founding of a 'collective social family.' In this there is, as we emphasize, no integration or evolution, just as little as there is in the neurotic's turning to his imagines. The uncommonly strong outbreak of the fire of militarism in the disciples of Bolshevism, as well as other manifestations (the adoption of the feudal policies of

Jesuitism, bribery, agents, etc.) make us think that the bolshevization of the world would mean its atomization." True development would have to be the opposite of atomization, a "repeated sublimation of the father principle", a "general removal from the archaic herd", and not an approach thereto.

Kolnai's book, notwithstanding its wealth of thought, lacks a certain ripeness; and it would have been more readable if the publisher had taken the trouble to improve the Hungarian author's rather clumsy German.

In conclusion we shall reproduce a few words that Kolnai says about the social mission of psycho-analysis: "It aims to bring up men who will be free, different from one another, but going forward indissolubly to co-operation and being united by an organic (not by a primitive 'mechanical') solidarity. To the economic substratum of such a society, namely the division of labor emphasized by Durkheim, psycho-analysis adds the proper psychological substratum: critical thinking which is free from within as well as from without." It wants to develop the personality.

(Translated by S. A. Tannenbaum)

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